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AND

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The History of the Battle of Agincourt; and of the Expedition of Henry V. into France: to which is added, the Roll of the Men at Arms in the English Army. By Nicholas Harris Nicolas, Esq. &c. 12mo. London, 1827. J. Johnson.

The Siege of Carlarveock in the XXVIII. Edward I. A.D. M.CCC.; with the Arms of the Earls, Barons, and Knights, who were present on the occasion; with a Translation, a History of the Castle, and Memoirs of the Personages commemorated by the Poet. By N. H. Nicolas, Esq. 4to. pp. 380. London, 1828. J. B. Nichols.

THE appearance of the last of these volumes, from the indefatigable pen of Mr. Nicolas, has reproached us pungently for our neglect of the first. An ancient divine said very forcibly that "hell was paved with good intentions;" good intentions, we feel, will not make a *Literary Gazette*. We have often and often put on the resolution to do some degree of justice to Mr. Nicolas's laborious researches; but something or other as constantly occurred to defeat our present purpose, and induce us to postpone the matter till next week, when we would certainly do what we ought never to have delayed. We cannot philosophically account for the fact, but every reader of reflection will acknowledge its truth, that Procrastination, the thief of time, carries his second, third, and future points, far more easily than his first. Once put a thing off, and you are likely enough to defer it, *de die in diem*, till the period of the Greek Calends: which confession and observation we here offer as an apology to the author for not having paid him the tribute of our hearty praise so early as it was fairly and fully merited by him. But his *Agincourt* was passed by, not from disregard, nor from thinking meanly of its worth: it was none of the light publications of the season, which, if that season elapse, are forgotten; on the contrary, every year, that adds antiquity to these pages, will enhance their value. Our's is such an age of amusement, that the volume of serious instruction scarcely meets its just appreciation; yet those who dwell on the eloquent delineation, the ingenious theory of the historian, should remember how much the merit rests with the antiquary. If the facts mentioned be untrue, and the statements misrepresented, the inferences drawn from them fall to the ground. Truth makes the utility of history; and few have discovered more errors, few have made dark things more plain, than Mr. Nicolas. His works should be in every English gentleman's library; and be consulted alike by readers and writers of history.

In justification of the first of the volumes before us, which is, with perfect propriety, dedicated to the King, Mr. Nicolas has cited the observation of Bishop Nicholson, "the competency of whose judgment few will have the temerity to dispute. Speaking of Henry V. in his '*Historical Library*,' that learned prelate

says, 'his single victory at Agencourt might have afforded matter for more volumes than (as far as I can yet learn) have been written on his whole reign.' Since that opinion was expressed, numerous historical documents of the first importance have been brought to light; and, as it will be seen by the following pages, many of them present highly valuable information on Henry's first invasion of France. But even if no other data had been found, Bishop Nicholson's remark would not be less just; for a concentration of all recorded facts relative to that expedition, was a desideratum which could only be supplied by a writer making it the sole object of his attention."

In the execution of this invaluable performance, Mr. N. tells us, "the plan of former historical works has been slightly deviated from; for, instead of merely citing the authorities for each assertion, the authorities themselves are translated and given at length in the first part of the work; to which the author has added his own narrative, deduced from such of the preceding statements as were consistent with each other and with truth."

A MS. containing a list of the peers, knights, and men at arms, who were at Agincourt, here printed, and which furnished the original idea of the work before us, was found to be incomplete. "As it cannot escape observation, that many names which are constantly associated with the battle, are not to be found in it, for instance, the Duke of York and David Gam, who, according to all historians, were there slain: Sir Richard Waller, who is said to have captured the Duke of Orleans, and in consequence to have added the prince's arms to his crest; John Woodhouse, whose reputed gallantry on that occasion has caused his descendants to assume Agincourt as their motto, together with some others, of whom there are similar traditional anecdotes, it is necessary to explain the omission, lest a doubt should thereby be excited of its authenticity. That the roll is not perfect is evident, both from its being called a '*parcel*' of the names of the men that were with the king at Egyncourt: and from the fact noticed in a former page, that the gross number of men at arms and archers, of which it professes to be composed, was more than double the amount of those who are separately noticed in that list."

In the course of examination of the different authorities, Mr. N. has introduced a variety of explanatory notes. One of these, relating to a circumstance noticed by Shakspeare, we extract. "At Corby, Henry supported the discipline of his army, by carrying into execution the punishment denounced in his proclamation against robbery and sacrilege. One of his soldiers was discovered to have stolen a pix of copper gilt, from a church in the neighbourhood, under the idea that it was gold, which he concealed in his sleeve; and on the army reaching the village, where it took up its quarters for the ensuing night, the culprit was immediately hung. But according to another writer, the moment the theft was discovered, Henry

ordered them to halt; and having caused the sacred vessel to be restored, the offender was led bound through the host as a thief, and then hung on a tree, so that he might be seen as an example to the whole army."

"Upon being informed of the robbery, Titus Livius relates, Henry commanded his host to halt until the sacrilege was expiated. He first caused the pix to be restored to the church, and the offender was then led, bound as a thief, through the army, and afterwards hung upon a tree, that every man might behold him. As soon as he was executed, the army was commanded to proceed. Elmhams adds, that he was hung upon a tree, close by the church which had been robbed. Although no one expects that Shakspeare adhered very minutely to historical facts, still, in this instance, and in another, which will be noticed, he has so closely done so, that it is impossible to resist inviting the reader's attention to the circumstance, particularly, when even the gravest of our reviews deem it necessary to point out the discrepancies between 'the Author of Waverley,' and the pages of the historian."

With regard to the second work, at the head of this article, the *Siege of Carlarveock*, it will be found as curious and interesting as the account of the greater act of war at Agincourt. We need not remind our readers that the reign of Edward I. was a remarkable period in the history of England, and was, almost more than any other, distinguished by a number of great men, or barons, tenants of the crown by military service, to whom our constitution owes its preservation. Their particular exploits are most natural subjects of attention to the antiquary; and Mr. Nicolas has availed himself of this opportunity to confer an obligation on the historian by a very able illustration of this unique description of a Siege, of which very little account is to be found in the annals of the period. But, as he remarks, "valuable as the '*Siege of Carlarveock*' is to historians and antiquaries, it is difficult to believe that the raciness of the author's descriptions, his quaint notices of the characters of the different personages, and the occasional beauty of his passages, will not possess a charm for far more general readers."

This historical poem has, it seems, been once before presented to the public, in the *Antiquarian Repository*; but in that instance the text was found deficient in fidelity, and the translation very unsatisfactory. We are not insensible to the fascination attendant on the investigation of the primitive irregularities of language usually found in the Norman poetry, and are well aware of the difficulties it presents, which Mr. Nicolas has urged in behalf of his attempt. The time is now, however, arrived when the labours of an antiquary are well understood, and there is little fear of their not being properly appreciated.

The author of the poem, it is presumed on no slight authority, was Walter of Exeter, a friar, of whom very few particulars are known. Carew informs us, that the greater part of his

time was passed in a little cell in Cornwall, near St. Caroke, a short distance from Lostwithiel, in study and devotion; but his chief pursuit was history: "for his knowledge therein he hath obtained this character, 'quod in historiis cognitione non fuit ultimus'; and the part of history he was most skilled in was the lives of the saints and other great men, which induced Baldwin, his fellow-citizen, to put him upon writing the life of Guy of Warwick." "What more things he wrote," Prince adds, "he does not find; but, dying as is probable in his cell, he lieth interred near that place."

The text has been formed from a MS. copy of the poem by Glover, in the College of Arms, collated with a contemporary copy in the British Museum; and every variation is inserted in the notes. "With the view of rendering the volume as complete as possible, a topographical and general history of Carlaverock Castle has been prefixed to the poem; and memoirs of every individual who is noticed by the poet have been added to it."

It is in these memoirs of the baronage that Mr. Nicolas has displayed a profound knowledge of the subject he has undertaken. We are well acquainted with his "Remarks on the Seals attached to the Letter from the Barons of England to Pope Boniface VIII., in the year 1301, respecting the Sovereignty of Scotland," printed in the *Archæologia*, vol. xxi., to which he refers frequently in the course of this work; a paper in which, by extensive and laborious researches, he dissipated much of the obscurity which involved the heraldical differences of the arms of the early barons.

Heraldry, indeed, derives the most important illustration from the poem now published, which represents, in marginal decoration, the armorial bearings of above 100 barons and knights, and other curious particulars of the arms of the Maxwells, then, and now, possessors of Carlaverock Castle.

The poem begins with a circumstantial account of the general array.

"In the year of grace one thousand three hundred, on the day of Saint John, Edward held a great court at Carlisle, and commanded that in a short time all his men should prepare to go together with him against his enemies the Scots. On the appointed day the whole host was ready, and the good king, with his household, then set forward against the Scots, not in coats and surcoats, but on powerful and costly chargers; and that they might not be taken by surprise, well and securely armed. There were many rich comparisons embroidered on silks and satins; many a beautiful pennon fixed to a lance; and many a banner displayed. And afar off was the noise heard of the neighing of horses; mountains and valleys were every where covered with sumpter horses and wagons with provisions, and sacks of tents and pavilions. And the days were long and fine. They proceeded by easy journeys, arranged in four squadrons; the which I will so describe to you, that not one shall be passed over. But first I will tell you of the names and arms of the companions, especially of the banners, if you will listen how."

The knights are severally described, with their qualifications, sometimes in a quaint and punning style; as, "Robert de Montalt was there, who highly endeavoured to acquire high honour. He had a banner of a blue colour, with a lion rampant of silver."

The description of the attack is curious, and not the least interesting.

"Then you might hear the tumult begin. With them were intermixed a great body of

the king's followers, all of whose names if I were to repeat, and recount their brave actions, the labour would be too heavy, so many were there, and so well did they behave. Nor would this suffice without those of the retinue of the king's son, great numbers of whom came there in noble array; for many a shield newly painted and splendidly adorned, many a helmet and many a burnished hat, many a rich gambeson garnished with silk, tow, and cotton, were there to be seen, of divers forms and fashions. There I saw Ralph de Gorges, a newly-dubbed knight, fall more than once to the ground from stones and the crowd, for he was of so haughty a spirit that he would not deign to retire. He had all his harness and attire maseally of gold and azure. Those who were on the wall Robert de Tony severely harassed; for he had in his company the good Richard de Rokeley, who so well plied those within that he frequently obliged them to retreat. He had his shield painted maseally of red and ermine. Adam de la Forde mined the walls as well as he could, for his stones flew in and out as thick as rain, by which many were disabled. He bore, in clear blue, three gold lions rampant crowned. The good Baron of Wigton received such blows that it was the astonishment of all that he was not stunned; for, without excepting any lord present, none shewed a more resolute or unembarrassed countenance. He bore within a bordure indented, three gold stars on sable. Many a heavy and crushing stone did he of Kirkbride receive, but he placed before him a white shield with a green cross engrailed. So stoutly was the gate of the castle assailed by him, that never did smith with his hammer strike his iron as he and his did there. Notwithstanding, they were showered upon them such huge stones, quarrels, and arrows, that with wounds and bruises they were so hurt and exhausted, that it was with very great difficulty they were able to retire."

We have an admirable eulogium of the Bishop of Durham in the course of the poem, who, however, avoided the militant in his temporal capacity.

"In all the king's wars he appeared in noble array, with a great and expensive retinue. Being well informed of the king's expedition, he sent him of his people one hundred and sixty men at arms. Arthur, in former times, with all his spells, had not so fine a present from Merlin. He sent there his ensign, which was gules with a fer de moulin of ermine."

We may here call to the remembrance of our readers, that in the early ages of Christianity the bishops went to war, and distinguished themselves as generals. At the battle of *Bouvin*, Guerin, bishop of Soissons, commanded the French army jointly with the Count de St. Paul: he was armed with a club, with which he despatched the celebrated Earl of Salisbury:—"he commanded like an experienced captain, and fought like a brave soldier." In 1196, the bishop of Beauvais and his archdeacon having sallied out of the town completely armed, they were made prisoners by the English. The pope, on being informed of it, wrote to Richard I., to reproach him with his strange conduct in detaining as prisoner a bishop, his very dear son. Richard sent the bishop of Beauvais' cuirass to the pope, with this answer, *Vide utrum tunica filii tui sit, an non?* Gen. xxxvii. 32. Jacob knew the coat to be Joseph's; but the pope did not acknowledge the cuirass, and abandoned the bishop to his fate.

At the very battle of Agincourt, of which

we have been treating, Jean de Montagu, archbishop of Sens, served in the army of the Duke of Orleans, completely armed: he fought with the greatest intrepidity, and was killed. As the bishops were convoked for the *ban* and *arrière ban*, like other seigniors, they petitioned the pope to be dispensed from military service, and consented to pay a fine in lieu thereof; but they soon had the address to get the fine remitted also.

As a specimen of the heraldical parts, we quote the description of the banner of John of Brittany.

"The arms borne by the Earl of Richmond were, chequy or and azure, a bordure gules charged with lions passant gardant of the first; a quarter ermine: or, as they are blazoned in the contemporary MS., which has been so frequently referred to, 'Les armes de garine, a un quarter de ermine, od la bordure de Engleterre.' This coat presents an example of the arrangement of different arms upon the same shield before the system of quartering was adopted, which is too curious to be allowed to pass unobserved. The arms of Dreux were chequy or and azure: on the marriage of that house with the heiress of Brittany, they placed the coat of that family, ermine, on a quarter; and, as a distinction, the ensigns of the subject of this memoir were surrounded by a border of England, his mother's arms."

We also extract a portion of the life of the Bishop of Durham.

"The palatine power reached its highest elevation under the splendid pontificate of Anthony Bek. Surrounded by his officers of state, or marching at the head of his troops, in peace or war, he appeared as the military chief of a powerful and independent franchise. The court of Durham exhibited all the appendages of royalty: nobles addressed the palatine sovereign kneeling, and, instead of menial servants, knights waited in his presence chamber and at his table, bareheaded and standing. Impatient of control, whilst he asserted an oppressive superiority over the convent, and trampled on the rights of his vassals, he jealously guarded his own palatine franchise, and resisted the encroachments of the crown when they trench on the privileges of the aristocracy. When his pride or his patriotism had provoked the displeasure of his sovereign, he met the storm with firmness; and had the fortune or the address to emerge from disgrace and difficulty with added rank and influence. His high birth gave him a natural claim to power, and he possessed every popular and splendid quality which could command obedience or excite admiration. His courage and constancy were shewn in the service of his sovereign. His liberality knew no bounds; and he regarded no expense, however enormous, when placed in competition with any object of pleasure or magnificence. Yet in the midst of apparent profusion he was too prudent ever to feel the embarrassment of want. Surrounded by habitual luxury, his personal temperance was as strict as it was singular; and his chastity was exemplary in an age of general corruption. Not less an enemy to sloth than to intemperance, his leisure was devoted either to splendid progresses from one manor to another, or to the sports of the field; and his activity and temperance preserved his faculties of mind and body vigorous under the approach of age and infirmity. In the munificence of his public works, he rivalled the greatest of his predecessors. Within the bishopric of Durham he founded the colleges of Chester and Lanchester, erected towers at Gainford and Coniscliffe, and added to the buildings of Alnwick and Barnard"

castles. He gave Evenwood manor to the convent, and appropriated the vicarage of Morpeth to the chapel which he had founded at Auckland. In his native county of Lincoln he endowed Alvingham Priory, and built a castle at Somerton. In Kent he erected the beautiful manor-house of Eltham, whose ruins still speak the taste and magnificence of its founder. Notwithstanding the vast expenses incurred in these and other works, in his contests with the crown and with his vassals, in his foreign journeys, and in the continued and excessive charges of his household, he died wealthier than any of his predecessors, leaving immense treasures in the riches of the age: gallant horses, costly robes, rich furniture, plate, and jewels. Anthony Bek was the first prelate of Durham who was buried within the walls of the cathedral. His predecessors had been restrained from sepulture within the sacred edifice by a reverential awe for the body of the holy confessor; and on this occasion, from some motive of superstition, the corpse was not allowed to enter the doors, although a passage was broken through the wall for its reception, near the place of interment. The tomb was placed in the east transept, between the altars of St. Adrian and St. Michael, close to the holy shrine. A brass, long since destroyed, surrounded the ledge of the marble, and bore the following inscription:—

*Præsul magnanimus Antonius hic jacet inus,
Jesuam strenuus Patriarcha fuit, quod optimus
Anna vicem repabat sex et i plebs
Mille trecentis Christo moritur quoque denis.*

*The Man of Ten. A Satire. 8vo. pp. 112.
London, 1828. H. Colburn.*

SIR JOHN PAUL, baronet and banker, is, we understand, answerable for this issue; which is a thing of good credit, and likely enough to continue for a while in circulation. John, the Man of Ten, was the son and heir of a worthy wealthy pair in Warwickshire, whose birth was hailed with the rejoicings usual on similar occasions. Eton had the honour of his tuition:

*"But public schools, if rightly we would class 'em,
Teach any steps but Gradus ad Parnassum;"*

and though

*"All masters for great conjurors would pass,
Boys learn to say Amo,—while they amass."*

So it happened with John, who gave early promise of turning out the lad of all lads, and a Warwickshire lad. Cambridge in due course follows Eton; horse-racing comes in regular rotation; and plucked in the schools, and pigeoned on the turf, the young heir is white-washed by sacrifices on the part of his fond papa. London is the next scene of his exploits, and a contrast to his rustic sports: for

*"Here 'is non-existence up to noon,
And careless health begins the day too soon.
The world's not air'd till twelve, and seldom here
Till then as papillotes the maids appear,
To bid the chairs their former place resume,
Or deck with decent care the dusty room."*

In London his acres are spoken of, and he is marked down for prey by the many gangs of great and small, high and low, noble and plebeian swindlers who infest the metropolis, and live upon the foolish, the uninformed, and the unwary.

*"Each lady patroness with Wilks met,
Arrange in conclaves deep their next new set,
And Jack's arrival adds one victim more
To the mark'd heirs, and makes up the threescore.
Now dowagers, in fashionable slang,
Talk of his acres, and from whom he sprang.
Active no less are Crookford's motley crew;
For Jack's a dasher, rich, aspiring—new.
"Sure," cries Sir Joe, "he's qualified to come,
Without a ballot—for he's worth a plum!
He'll hold a month."—They never did in my day,
Lord Frolic cries: "perhaps he'll last till Friday."*

*"Nay, give the lad a chance." "He shall have nine
Or serve n." "He wants a mistress." "Give him nine."
Now mark the storms that gather o'er his head,
Each mare is ready, and each net is spread:
So from his oony best a cable late,
But now transmuted to a gaudier fate,
A May-fly now light skimming o'er the stream,
Bright as young love, and fleeting as his dream,
Lives to look gay—but ere the day lives out,
Wets his light wing, and feeds a hungry trout."*

John keeps a betting-book, and an opera-dancer; and no wonder that the time quickly arrives when

*"Often when alone,
He saw his heart as in a mirror shewn:
And spectres off his fufil fancy cross'd,
Of broken promises, and honour lost;
Of good men's pity, and of bad men's sneers,
His father's anguish, and his mother's tears:
Whilst cares increasing, still his thoughts employ,
His reason asks his heart if this be joy?
But asks in vain; in magic circle bound,
He still must follow as the wheel goes round."*

He had pledged his honour to his father that he would never play again; but as men of his class have no honour, it might be anticipated that he would play again, and be completely plundered. This accordingly happens. Melton Mowbray becomes the theatre of his extravagance and senselessness: Melton Mowbray, of which we say as little as can be said, when we describe it, its companionship, its vices, and its crimes, as not to be surpassed by Crookford's, or any hell in London. Equally at one or other, is it reckoned no disgrace to profane the name of friendship and rob the man who trusts you, to disregard every honest principle, to play the common sharper, to laugh at the misery and despair brought on by base arts practised on confiding folly, to plunge families into ruin, and devote many a hapless victim to disgrace, the gaol, the avenging gallows, or soul-destroying suicide. Such is Melton, which receives our hero,

*"Nothing loath; surprise
His train awakes not, for these passing flies
The sun of fashion with the season brings,—
One season is enough to singe their wings.
Critics abound in Melton, and you meet
The lounging menials quizzing in the street;
Or grooms that idly crowd each stable door,
Who swagger, lie, and cheat—and do no more."*

Returning, betrayed and involved in debt, to the Fashionable World of London, Jack is not the worse received by that despicable World; for it knew not the extent of his losses, and he still passed for a rich spendthrift.

*"But still before him goes a great man's name,
And all the dowagers had heard his fame,
Who, eager for the means, forget the end:
Not what they have, inquire—but what they spend?
His hunters—hacks—his mistress—and his cook!
For twice ten thousand surely they may look.
'Girls, dress your best, here's something good to catch,
And he must want an honourable match.
Blood he has not, but then his simple cash
Will give you girls ability to dash."*

And now in conclaves close are gravely met Mammas of deep design—a tip-top set. For now they hunt in couples, not disdain To play each other's game, and so they gain For 'my sweet Emma' or 'your pretty Jane': 'Tis equal chance if either are at home, Beaux meet the girls, and all unnoticed come. You give a water-party—I a ball; And you to-day—and I to-morrow call! But Almack's, dreadful Almack's is the place: Night after night appears some pretty face, And all that schemes and stratagems can do, Is lost and ruined by that something new! These are the underplots that walk the beaux, And these the arts the practised nation knows. At this same sitting, had they known the truth, The crippled, maimed condition of the youth,— Post obits claimed—annuities unpaid, And two new mortgages but newly made,— Those crafty ladies had contrived no more, But spared the worthless spendthrift from the door. Still character is money, chance is all, And by what all men say, we stand or fall! Thus Jack's pronounced a wealthy goose at best; They knew the one, and fairly guess'd the rest.

None ask the question that all parents should, And risk stands ever in the place of good. Friend Jack is good—for nothing—if they knew it; And any thark that caught him soon would rue it.

Now lady Di of Greenwich talks—"and Bob
"Would be quite happy—take her in your cab."
He turns away, and quick, to get him back,
The duchess grows familiar—calls him Jack:
"Why, Jack, my Sophy has not danced to-night;
Stand up, you poking girl, you're quite a fright."
"To wait with you, Miss Jumper cries, 'I came.'
"Upon my soul, I can't to-night—I'm lame."
Thus, like an ice-berg floating in the sea,
Unthaw'd in warmer climes, as cold is he.

He is at last caught, however, but by a lady unhappily married. A summer fête on the banks of the Thames, which, for impudent immorality might readily be paralleled from the records of last season, completes this galling intrigue. The guilty pair fly together to the Continent,—pursuit and a duel follow the elopement; and the author winds up his picture of high-life guilt and fashionable vice with true poetical justice. The Man of Ten returns from the rencontre.

*"Short space sufficed to speed him from the spot,
Love lent him wings to bear him to his cot;
And his gay heart beat lightly in his breast,—
Selina's pardon said—and both are blest!
How like a deer he top'd the wall of stone
That fenced the little garden, now his own!
Like one that's saved from shipwreck, once on shore,
Reflects on perils he has pass'd, no more!
But turns to thoughts of happiness—to roam
No more, but fix his every thought on home."*

Before the door he paused, but all was still,
And through the grove he heard the babbling still;
So still he heard the ticking of the clock,
And plash of waters dripping from the rock.
'Selina still may sleep,' and on he creeps,—
He gently lifts the latch—indeed, she sleeps:
How beautiful she looks!—her silver skin
Shew'd every circle of the blood within.
Loose and disturb'd her unbound hair appears,
And on her cheek the trace of recent tears.

Soft o'er her form the ling'ring saphyr plays:
"Sleep on, sweet love!"—he sat him down to gaze
Upon her closed lids, whose light divine
Shall bless him when he wakes, and brighter shine.
He moved not once, lest, startled, she should hear,
That he and happiness were both so near!
And now more near her cheek he drew, to sip—
Heaven's choicest boon—the honey on her lip!
But still he tasted not her balmy breath,—
A rival had been there—that rival—Death!

He starts convulsive from her cold embrace,
And his eye glares upon her ashy face.
'Awake, Selina!—wake, my love! my life!
'Tis Percy calls upon his love—his wife!
And now his cries, his wrailings rend the air,
And his soul speaks the language of despair.
A moment hopes he—willing to deceive
His sickening soul,—still struggles to believe
She sleeps.—"Oh! no, no, no!—she is not dead;
Comes death to deck her on her bridal bed?
Hear me, Selina! hear!—I have no wife—
No love—no friend—no hope—have I life?
The conflict's o'er, his veins to bursting swell,
And on the dead a lifeless load he fell.
Now thronging to his aid the rustics fly:
The gentle priest and skilful leech apply
Their tenderest care, and long entreated he say,
Till first a groan, and then a tear found way!
And when at length they raised him from that bed,
The light of reason had for ever fled.
A moment now he smiles—a moment weeps,
And now—"Be still," he says, "be still;—she sleeps!"
And then he list'ning stands, and seems to wait
With patient hope the signal of his fate.

But never comes a change, for his the doom
Of dark oblivion's everlasting gloom.
Alike to him the beams of orient day,
Or when at eve his glories fade away,
The summer's heat he feels not, nor the cold,
And in unconscious misery groves old,
Fix'd is the sun, the measure of the we
That suff'ring nature e'er can undergo.
When horror deepens, and the shudd'ring soul
Would snatch the poniard, drain the poison'd bowl,
Indulgent Heav'n—for pains we must endure,
Fruits of our follies—wounds beyond a cure!
In misery draws the darkest veil between.
Our sense of feeling and the curless curse!
Ears hear no plains, and eyes with tears grow blind,
And Madness casts his pall upon the mind."

Need we remark, after these quotations, that there are considerable poetical talents, and some genuine touches of satire against the reigning foibles and vices which startle beholders among the upper circles of society, displayed in these pages?

Tales and Legends. By the Authors of the Odd Volume. 3 vols. 12mo. Edinburgh, Cadell and Co.: London, Simpkin and Marshall.

Or the Odd Volume, about a year and a half ago, we remember we spoke of as a collection of Tales, of various kinds and qualities—several very good, several of less observable merit, and several which, though well told and entertaining in the narrative, rather disappointed the reader by lame and impotent conclusions. On the whole, we opined the volume to be an excellent lounging miscellany. Such was the authors' first work, and such (to say nothing of those between*) is their last. Vol. I. contains the Three Kings, a Scots story of the time of James V.; and the Rescue, from the German of Döring. Vol. II. has seven shorter pieces of diversified character; and Vol. III. two, both Scots—the first pathetic, and the last rather humorous.

Having expressed our approbation generally of performances like the present, we may be allowed to observe, that it is one of the difficulties of the reviewing craft to convey the grounds of our judgment to the public. It is hardly possible to make satisfactory extracts from connected tales; and to find room for a whole relation (though even that could not illustrate its companion miscellanies) is equally beyond our command. All we can do, therefore, for the pleasing publication in hand, is to recommend it in bulk, though sustained by very small samples in the way of critical retail.

Aloyse, from the German of Döring, and the Danish of A. F. Elmquist, is a very pretty, natural, and affecting anecdote of Philip of Anjou, king of Spain, A.D. 1700, and a beautiful girl, the daughter of a Garde Chasse, into whose abode two strangers are driven by a storm to seek shelter. Here the flame of an unequal love is suddenly lighted up between the fair Aloyse and the youngest stranger, of whose dignity the country maiden is entirely ignorant. She accidentally discovers that the object of her heart's adoration is threatened with imminent danger, and that his apparent friend, Colonel Montejo, is his concealed enemy. To beguile the time of his guests, the honest Garde Chasse gives a rural fête.

Madame Gageot (his sister) went off early in the morning to Nevers, to make preparations for the entertainment; to tell all her acquaintances about the agreeable strangers, and to invite some of Aloyse's companions to spend the evening with them, that she might shew her favourite Philip with what tact she managed these matters. How the morning was passed is not known, but what occurred during the evening has been faithfully preserved by tradition. They all assembled under the large chestnut trees, which formerly stood where these nut trees have since been planted. The lovely girls, seated in a row, in their holiday clothes, with Aloyse in the midst of them, resembled a wreath of blooming flowers, which exhibited every pale and deeper tint of spring and summer's blossoms. Madame Gageot was seated at a large table covered with fruits and confections. Montejo, under pretence of sudden indisposition, retired precipitately into the house. Philip, who by his gaiety and engaging manners had quickly wound himself into the hearts of the youthful party, hastily followed him, but almost as quickly returned, bearing a small casket in

his hand. He opened it, and after a short speech, he presented a gift to each of the blushing girls, saying, as he passed from one to the other, it was a remembrance of that happy evening. He placed a sparkling gem in the hair of one, put a brilliant ring upon the finger of another, and fastened a gold comb in the auburn ringlets of a third,—and before they had time to recover from their surprise, or reject his proffered gifts, they sparkled with the jewels with which he had so profusely ornamented them; and the last rays of the setting sun, which had hitherto, in this happy spot, shone only upon flowers, now fell upon these brilliant gems, and added a dazzling lustre to the wreath. Struck with astonishment, Martin Ereté, Madame Gageot, and Aloyse, gazed upon the scene. Madame, who was deeply read in fairy lore, believed she beheld some enchanter before her. Aloyse grew pale, with a mixture of grief and dismay, as she looked upon the munificent stranger.

Who could this youth be, who, with such laughing and careless indifference, threw from him what appeared to her to be immeasurable riches? She felt that it would wound her to the heart, to be treated in the same manner as he had done her companions. She was shocked at the thought, but her fears were vain. He passed by her with his sparkling gifts; and when he had gone the round of the circle, he set the casket upon the ground, bent down to a bed of flowers, took from it a violet, and brought it to the gratified Aloyse. 'I well knew,' he whispered, as he presented it to her, 'that I dared not so to approach you, Aloyse. Flowers only are fit for flowers; the daughter of nature loves nature alone. Ah! Aloyse, this violet will be happy even in withering upon your bosom; but longer, much longer than its short existence, may my remembrance dwell in your heart!' Aloyse felt her heart sink within her; she received the flower with a trembling hand, and glanced anxiously around lest he might have been overheard; but her companions were too deeply engaged to attend to her. They were all busily occupied in comparing their jewels, laughing, jesting, and were so superlatively happy, that they could scarcely wait with composure for the appointed hour of separating, so impatient were they to return home to exhibit their gifts, and astonish their parents with the extraordinary tale. At length the hour of departure arrived, and they bade a grateful good night to their entertainers and the generous stranger; and with light steps they hurried home, holding fast their precious gems. This incident could not fail of causing much noise in the town. The girls were closely questioned by their parents, and they related so many particulars that had occurred at Martin Ereté's, and spoke so much of the stranger, that people did not know what to think of the matter. They were examined again and again, and they only repeated that they had received costly presents from a singularly handsome young man; but that his companion had scarcely remained long enough to throw a glance upon them. The gems were examined by a lapidary, and declared to be of great value; and as there were amongst the girls' parents some of the magistrates, and even Mons. le Maire himself, the interesting enigma quickly began to take a somewhat different character.

Aloyse had for some time past been in the habit of daily visiting a poor old woman, who lived in the village of St. Pierre, about half a mile from Martin Ereté's, and who would

scarcely have been able to support a feeble and suffering existence, had she not been supported and consoled by Aloyse's tender and benevolent cares. She devotedly loved her young benefactress, and her little cottage always seemed to be lighted up when Aloyse made her appearance in it, for she was indeed as a ministering angel to her. The morning after the little festival that had been held at her father's, Aloyse set out to visit, as usual, her poor old friend, simply clad, and with her half-withered violet in her bosom. When she entered, Margaret fixed her eyes upon her with a look of so much anxiety, that she tenderly inquired if she were in want of any thing. 'No, nothing, my sweet child,' she replied, 'nothing while you are with me. I desire nothing but a crown of glory to deck thy pure brow. What now disquiets me is a dream I have had, in which you bore a part. I thought you were threatened by some danger to which I could give no name. You bent down to seize a sparkling jewel which was rolling towards an abyss; you grasped it, and as you pressed it to your bosom, it pierced you to the heart. I saw you afterwards in a magnificent chamber, where every thing shone with gold, but the gold cast a pale, ghastly shade upon your cheek; and when I observed you more closely, your bright and lovely colour was no longer there—your eyes were closed—you belonged no more to the living.' Aloyse shuddered at these words; and thoughts of the jewels of yesterday, with which they stood in so close connexion, sunk deeply into her heart. She felt the wound; but her grief was mingled with so much sweetness, that she could not know it to be a consuming poison.

Montejo is employed by Cardinal Mazarin and the Jesuits to remove the young prince, in order to pave the way to the throne of Spain for another candidate; and it is on a journey to Toulon that these adventures ensue. At this moment the king of Spain dies, and the ambassadors are on their way to Paris with his will and the Spanish crown, to lay them at the feet of the new monarch. They are to pass by the residence of the Garde Chasse; and Montejo is in despair, lest he may not induce his victim to proceed on his destination. All this, with the expression of "the daggers are sharpened," Aloyse overhears, on her way home from the charitable visit just described. "She remained for an hour immovable, and lost in deep thought. Now she clearly felt that an invincible barrier lay on her path, and that a deep, impassable gulf separated her from happiness. She was now awakened to all the depth of her love; but an inexpressible anguish mingled itself with her tenderness, for it was evident that some horrible fate was impending over that beloved one. At this fearful thought she sprung from the ground, and while she rapidly pursued her way homewards, she endeavoured to think what it was now her duty to do. 'Away he must not go. I must endeavour to detain him; he is safe with us.' Her efforts to keep him, and defeat the purposes of Montejo, have much interest, and would make an agreeable drama. Among other things, the Maire of Nevers suspects the strangers of having obtained the jewels, so lavishly bestowed, by unlawful means; but their papers are about to procure them permission to depart. "Montejo called impatiently to Henri to lead round the horses, without a moment's delay; and Madame Gageot was triumphing in the innocence of her young friend, when Aloyse, with tottering step, approached the maire, exclaiming,

* The second "Odd Volume," see L. G. No. 537, and the Busy Bodies, No. 538—the former lauded,—the latter not.

'Allow them not to escape; I accuse them of having stolen these jewels.' A thunderbolt could not have occasioned greater astonishment and consternation than these words. She again repeated the accusation in a firmer tone. Montejo threw upon her a look of the deepest malignity, while Philip gazed at her in the utmost surprise. Martin Ereté dropt a glass of water he was about to raise to his lips; and Madame Gageot surveyed her from head to foot with angry eyes." Upon this charge they are stopped.

The news of the death of Charles II. precedes the arrival of the ambassadors, on their route to Paris, the day after the foregoing incident.

During the intervening night, Aloyse, like a guardian angel, is on the watch. Again she interferes to prevent the departure of Philip, warns him of his danger; and Montejo flies, after wounding her with his dagger.

"Philip scarcely observed the flight of his treacherous friend, for all his attention was fixed upon the beautiful bleeding girl at his feet. He raised her up, held her in his arms, and, by a thousand tender epithets and expressions, recalled her fleeting spirit. He placed her upon a seat, and quickly struck a light with the assistance of a tinder-box, and began to render her the assistance she so instantly required. He uncovered her bleeding shoulder, tore a handkerchief in two, and stanching the blood. He bent over her, endeavoured to revive her, parted her ringlets from her pale brow, and supported her sinking head. An hour she thus lay in silent bliss, her cheek resting upon that gentle princely hand. 'Oh, my Philip!' she murmured in a soft low voice; 'why have I not been wounded to death? why have I not been permitted to make thee the only sacrifice I can make thee?' He entreated her to be calm, and they now came to mutual explanations. Aloyse related every thing she had overheard in the forest; and the more Philip heard, the more indignant he became. 'Yes!' he exclaimed, 'I can well indeed believe that he would have betrayed me. He obtained my friendship and confidence only to lead me more certainly to destruction. Austria, or perhaps Spain itself, has sent him to me.'

"They agreed to keep every thing secret till the arrival of the Spanish ambassadors, when the duke should make himself known to them, and accompany them back to Paris. With faltering steps Aloyse now approached the door. She paused—she stretched out her arms towards him. 'Philip!' said her pale trembling lips—'Philip! once only in this life—we meet no more—once only—' She could not finish, but he understood her. He pressed her ardently to his bosom—one short moment she rested in anguished bliss in his embrace, then tore herself away, rushed down the steps, and threw herself upon her couch."

The ambassadors arrive, and the *dénouement* takes place. Immediately, bound by Spanish etiquette, Philip departs. "While they were occupied in despatching expresses to Madrid and elsewhere, in pursuit of the *Jesuit* Montejo, Philip retired into the thicket, and motioned to Martin Ereté, Madame Gageot, and Aloyse, to follow him. He took a kind farewell of the first, and begged him to come and see him in Paris. 'But what shall I say to thee,' continued he, turning to Aloyse, 'thou gentle unhappy one—what shall I say to thee, sweet Aloyse? Shall I ever repay thee thy sacrifice and thy tears? Aloyse, fare thee well! Oh, may thy heart soon regain its tran-

quillity, for we part for ever in this world.' She replied not, but, with deep sobs, pressed his hand to her bosom. He embraced her once more, and laying her on her father's breast, rushed from the spot. About a month after Philip's departure, Aloyse sat in a corner, and wept bitterly. Martin Ereté bent tenderly over her, and softly named Philip. 'Yes,' exclaimed she, with impetuous vehemence, 'yes, my father, I deny it not. I shall love him for ever—he has taken my life with him. Yet be calm, dear father, be calm—I shall be composed. But fulfil your promise, and let us set out for Paris instantly.' They went."

"Louis had already accepted for his grandson the crown of Spain, and the ambassadors were appointed to a solemn audience. The French nobles were assembled. A number of great men from the young Bourbon's different dominions, even from distant America, arranged themselves round Louis's still empty throne. The ladies of the court were also present; and at their head, the admired, the envied Madame de Maintenon. In the background were several of the middle ranks, as spectators of this magnificent scene, and amongst these were Madame Gageot and Aloyse. The door of the royal cabinet was now flung open, and Louis stepped proudly forth, leading his grandson by the hand, with the air and majesty of the master of the world. But, beautiful as the son of a god, led by the hand of Jupiter, walked the youthful Philip at his side. He was attired in the Spanish costume, sparkling with jewels, as if Peru had showered its diamonds upon him. The royal mantle flowed gracefully from his shoulder; the sword of Castile glittered at his side, and the feathers of Arragon waved from the diadem that bound his youthful brow. 'Spaniards, behold here is your king!' said Louis, as he looked with parental pride upon his grandson, whom he presented to them. Albufera threw himself upon his knee before Philip, whose cheek was tinged with the blush of modesty, and pressed the kiss of homage of his hand. The rest followed his example, and the ceremony had nearly concluded, when Philip's eye fell upon a pale dying countenance, that looked as if it had risen from the dead to gaze upon him. The colour suddenly fled from his cheek, for it was Aloyse's sweet mournful glance he had encountered, and it was impossible for him to conceal the emotions which overpowered him. His hand trembled in that of Louis, who said, in a low voice, 'Dost thou tremble, King of Spain?' Philip departed for Spain, and about a year after this, Aloyse went one evening as usual to visit old Margaret in St. Pierre. 'My child,' said she, as she looked upon Aloyse's pale, death-like countenance, 'have I not been right with my dream? Oh, that you had never, never known this death-bringing jewel!' 'Good mother,' replied Aloyse, in her soft voice, 'do not thus grieve over me; I am not unhappy.' But Margaret remarked such an extraordinary weakness about her, that she determined, although against her wishes, to accompany her on her way home. When they came to the forest, Aloyse felt herself overpowered by great weakness and indisposition, about the place where she had overheard Montejo's treachery. 'It was here,' said she, in a low, stifled voice: 'the tree lies there still. Let us sit down upon it, good mother.' They did so, and Aloyse seated herself beside Margaret, and laid her head upon her shoulder. The setting sun gilded the leaves with his dying rays. 'See,' whispered Aloyse, 'the sun goes down in Spain; but,' continued she,

in interrupted words, 'in his America it rises up again, and in his Heaven it shines for ever!' They were her last words. She died in Margaret's arms."

We have only to add, that we can add nothing to this paper; and, therefore, the Scottish tales, the German legends, and all the rest of these compositions, ten in number, must be referred to for their own illustration.

Marly; or, a Planter's Life in Jamaica. 8vo. pp. 364. Glasgow, 1828. Griffin and Co. London, Hunt and Clarke.

THREE or four years ago, Mr. J. Stewart's *View of the Past and Present State of Jamaica* afforded us a mass of valuable information respecting that island: the present publication also gives us a picture of society and manners in the same quarter, but is altogether of a different and of a very familiar class. A sort of romance story is wound up in it, or rather made the vehicle for its sketches; though the latter are its chief recommendation, being apparently drawn with truth and spirit, by an actual observer of, and actor in, the scenes which he paints. Marly, a young Scotsman, and, like very many young Scotsmen, having his way to push in the wide world, lands in Jamaica in search of fortune. At first he is tormented in the flesh by what the negroes call the devil's trumpeters (the mosquito), and suffers other inconveniences of climate; but soon gets the place of a book-keeper on a plantation. Here the poor slaves are flogged and steal; and are flogged. Idleness and carelessness are met by the cart-whip: and very disgusting punishments are rather too minutely described. The following extract, however, at our hero's entry upon his duties, is new to us: the overseer is speaking of a theft committed in the sugar house, and he tells Marly of the grand receiving-place.

"Calibash estate is by far the largest in the island, though it cannot with propriety be said to have any express owners. I rather think every sugar proprietor is somewhat concerned in it. But be this as it may, it is from this estate the great part of the white people in the towns, and the free browns and blacks, supply themselves with the essential article of sugar. It derives its name, I believe, chiefly owing to no coopered casks being used, the substitute for which are calabashes, procured from the calabash tree, of which there are no scarcity, and in which the sugar is not only carried out of the estate, but conveyed to market and sold, according to the apparent size of the calabash, no weights or measures being used by the proprietors of this large estate. Another peculiarity attached to this estate, is, that the crop is almost uniformly disposed of on Sunday, no other day in the week being so suitable to the owners. To make a long story short, Calibash estate comprehends the whole island of Jamaica, each sugar plantation furnishing a little, some more and some less, according to circumstances. But it differs very materially in regard to good crops being produced from it with that of good crops from any single estate; for when a good crop is produced from a single estate, praise is bestowed, and promotion ensured to the planters; but if it is only supposed that at any time a good crop is taken off for Calibash estate, the planters, in place of promotion, must go and seek their bread elsewhere. Calibash estate, therefore, is furnished from the sugar purloined by the negroes, from the various plantations on which they live; and from the extent of the population which they

supply, the quantity stolen in a year must be immense. It seems, however, altogether impossible to put an entire stop to this nefarious traffic, for Calibash estate will always be supplied. But, where the white people are continually on the alert, they in a great measure are enabled to save their own sugar from being embezzled."

Upon the estate, a negro named Homer was employed in rat-catching; and when he came home in the evening, his "small deer" met with a quick sale among the other slaves. This astonished our neophyte. "He asked a negro girl who had bought part of the game, why she came to eat rats?—She exclaimed, 'Dey good nyamm for him neger, massa! Him, Sir Charles Price, good nyamm for him neger, massa! Him good as hims hens pickeniny, massa!' At this time Marly was told dinner waited, when he entered the buckra-house. Shortly after the cloth was removed, he mentioned what he had seen, and inquired if rats were in general eaten by the negroes. Being informed that they were, the overseer remarked, that he could 'perceive no reason why rats should not be good eating, though, from our education, we may entertain a disgust of them. Rats in towns are filthy feeding animals, but those fed in cane plots live upon the sugar plant, the most cleanly of all kinds of food; and why then they should not form good eating, I cannot conjecture. But as I never tried a mess of them, I am not a proper judge, and I only once saw a white man commence eating a roasted one, (he was a Frenchman) then I fell sick, and had to retire. The Frenchman afterwards declared it was excellent, and that it equalled, if it did not excel, a fine-fed tender chicken, or an excellent young rabbit. The negroes, however, who have none of these prejudices of our education to overcome, are very partial to rats, and have denominated them Sir Charles Price, thereby commemorating an event that otherwise might have descended into oblivion, as I do not at present recollect to have seen it observed in any of the authors who have written respecting this island. Sir Charles Price, it appears, was a great man in the country, at an early period after our taking it from the Spaniards. In his time, there was a small species of rat, which proved very destructive to the canes, and which was also thought to be very prolific; in addition to which, field mice were very numerous and pretty destructive. This Sir Charles Price had been told that there was a large-sized rat on the Mosquito shore, which was an enemy to every other species of rat, as well as to mice, and though equally destructive as the small one, was said to be less prolific. As a choice of two evils, we are directed to choose the lesser; therefore, to get rid of the mice and small rats which then pestered the colonists, he sent to the Mosquito shore, and had a number of the large ones imported. It answered the expectation in one respect, for it cleared the country, as it is generally supposed, of the small rats, and thinned the field mice; but it has proved equally prolific with those it has exterminated. And should you continue for any length of time a planter, you will have occasion too often to observe the immense devastation in the cane plots, caused by this destructive and widely disseminated race."

Another negro practice is thus mentioned.

"After shell-blow, a negro man and woman brought their daughter, a girl about sixteen years of age, who belonged to one of the field gangs, with a sad complaint to the overseer, that for some time past she had been addicted

to dirt-eating (eating earth); and though they had endeavoured to persuade her to desist, by the means both of gentle and harsh treatment, they had not been able to make her abandon this abominable and pernicious propensity. On this account they had brought her for massa to put her into the stocks, in order to prevent her from having any farther opportunity of so doing in future, and which was accordingly done. She was rather a good-looking negress; but, like many others, had fallen into this detestable negro practice of eating earth,—a species of disease, which, if persisted in for any length of time, uniformly terminates in dropsy and death. She was kept in confinement for a number of days; and as this unnatural craving is considered a disease, she was properly medicined by the doctor, and fed from the white people's table, until she was dismissed."

Although our author does not describe slavery with that disgust and abhorrence which it must excite in every humane breast, yet his details tend powerfully to excite these feelings.

"One day, after the space allotted for dinner had elapsed, the overseer visited Marly and his gang, during a drizzling shower (a circumstance rather uncommon in Jamaica), when he observed the pickeniny mothers coming to the field. There might be six or eight of these mothers, who were allowed ten minutes additional to the other negroes, to come to the field in the morning, and in the afternoon. They generally, however, took a little more than the prescribed time; but on this afternoon, whether it was owing to the rain, or some other cause, which prevented them, they were considerably later, and the overseer, who had once before checked them for a similar fault, now seemed determined to make an example of them. He, therefore, without any preamble, being equally aware with Samuels, that the negroes don't like speakie and floggee too, ordered them to be laid down one after the other, when each received the gentle admonition of nine lashes. At first they were indignant at the idea of receiving punishment, saying, 'dat de Busha floggee them for him's pickeniny mummies getting pickeninies for massa,' meaning the proprietor. They were indeed very little hurt; but being indignant against the overseer for the pain which, as they conceived, he had made them unjustly suffer, they reviled him with every opprobrious epithet which the talkie slang dictionary would have contained, had it been written. The overseer, though abused with this most scurrilous language, lengthened out by the true creole drawl, enough in all conscience to have provoked the patience of a Job, bore it for a short time apparently without concern; but his choler at last getting up, he hurried to his mule; the whole gang, immediately on his back being turned, joining in the usual chorus on such occasions, of—'I don't care a damn, oh!—I don't care a damn, oh!' Next morning, the overseer was with the gang as soon as Marly. He appeared as if determined to observe himself that the negroes turned out pointedly to their time, in order that he might have the work of cleaning finished in the course of the week, preparatory to commencing the planting of new canes. Unfortunately, seven or eight of Marly's people were late, and these were chiefly old men and women. As they came in, the overseer ordered them to be laid down and punished. Each of them received a dozen of lashes. Marly could not help feeling pity for these

unfortunate and truly miserable creatures, the most of whom were, from their age, apparently tottering on the brink of eternity. They sang out repeatedly for mercy, but the overseer was relentless. * * * Finding that their most compassionate and importunate exclamations were unable to move his tenderness, and that the driver continued using his whip, several of them, amidst the cries under the torture of the heavy lash, exclaimed, 'No man pities him poor old neger, but massa above,' meaning God. What rendered it still more distressing to Marly, whom custom had not yet rendered callous to such sights, was the piteous aspects of the children of several of them, who were spectators of their mothers' and fathers' galling and degrading sufferings, without daring to complain. The last who was laid down, was the mother of the overseer's boy, one of the youngest of the whole. She also very naturally pleaded for mercy, and in this plea she was aided by her son, who no doubt thought he was entitled to use more liberty with the Busha than the others, crying for forgiveness for his mummy. Finding that their conjoined importunities were ineffectual, he furiously sprung at the overseer, as if he would force him to comply; and before the latter was aware of his intention, his face was scratched, till the blood followed. She, notwithstanding, received her dozen. But, although the Busha must have pretty keenly felt the smart of the scratches on his face, and was evidently enraged; it seemed, however, that even he felt indignant at the idea of ordering a boy of twelve or fourteen years of age to be punished merely for shewing the strong and natural affection he bore to his mother, and which we, in this country, should so highly commend; he therefore instantly mounted his mule and rode off, the boy holding on as usual by the tail, cheered with the customary song of—'I don't care a damn, oh!' The overseer's anger had nearly evaporated before he reached home, for his boy only received a cuff or two on the side of the head, and an admonition to behave better in future, under the pain of being placed in one of the gangs as a field negro."

We are not of the canting or hypocritical school, which for the sake of notoriety affects touching sensibility, and, while it pursues its own worldly objects with hard avidity, labours for a character at the expense of others; but we are sure that no man of right mind can peruse such an account as this without sickening at heart. No wonder that bloody reactions are of frequent occurrence,—and of murders of whites there are several horrid stories in this volume. To these, however, we prefer, as illustrations of the work, two or three characteristic and various quotations. Marly went to a sale, where "his attention was immediately directed towards three genteel well-dressed young females, exposed for sale in one lot. They were sisters, of the cast denominated Mustees, their mother having been a Quadroon, and their father a white man. The handsome forms, the apparently cultivated manners, the soft and pleasing faces wholly European, even more fair than numbers of our countrywomen, and the neatness, nay elegance of their dress, aided by the faint vermilion tinge which their unfortunate and public exposure to all eyes forced into their countenances, caused them to form a very interesting group. There were few people in the room who did not feel pity for their lamentable fate; and it is probable, the sensations of these poor girls were such as to baffle description. Their father had been a respectable gentleman, and

they were his family by a brown woman, who had been a slave of his own. He had brought them up in a genteel manner as his recognised family, and they had been educated similarly to the free ladies in the island, the father never having considered them in the light of slaves. They had been accustomed to receive the same treatment, in every respect, as the free children of a man in somewhat opulent circumstances, so that nothing could have been more distant from their thoughts, than that ever this would be their sorrowful situation—that they were one day to be exposed in a public vendue room as slaves, and knocked down to the highest bidder. The granting of their freedom, unhappily (for their mother had died a slave), had been postponed from time to time by their father, till death removed him from this mortal stage, without the deed of manumission having been executed. His affairs were found in so embarrassed a state, that his creditors attached his whole property, and even his own children as part of his estate. The consequence was, these girls were brought to the hammer to pay their father's debts, being held to be part of his movable property. No offerers appeared, however; and though they were afterwards several different times advertised, and exposed to public auction, they would not sell. Their genteel manners, liberal education, and pleasing appearance, would have entitled them to comfortable marriages in Britain; and it was the very same reasons that prevented any one in Jamaica from making a purchase of them; because the neighbourhood would have cried shame, had they been put to any laborious or even servile employment, considering the very special situation in which they had been brought up, contrasted with the unfortunate and unexpected one in which they now stood. And as the lot could not be separated, and no prospect of any sale offered, they were allowed to roam at large, in the same manner as if they had been free.

"People of colour are distinguished by the names of Sambos, Mulattoes, Quadroons, Mustees, Mustiphinies, and Quintroons or Quinterones,—the next descent after the last, being those persons who are called white by law,* and who become to all intents and purposes white men; and as such, are entitled to all their privileges."

"It is a curious and remarkable circumstance, but not the less true, that the Maroons, by means of cow-horns, can call any one of their company by name, and also can carry on a degree of correspondence at a very considerable distance, with this rude and simple instrument, by diversifying the blasts to such a wonderful degree, as if related would be deemed incredible by most of mankind."

There are a number of dissertations on almost every colonial topic of interest in this volume; they are marked by good sense and plain treatment, and practical, if not very enlarged views. We should consider them to be entitled to the attention of parties concerned, and

* As some readers may wish for an explanation of these terms, the following is submitted as a correct one. A Samboe is the highest remove from black, being the child of a Mulattoe father and Negro mother, or vice versa. A Mulattoe is the child of a white man by a negress. A Quadroon is the child of a Mulattoe mother, by a white father. The child of a Quadroon by a white man, is a Mustee. The child of a white man by a Mustee woman is a Mustiphin. The child of a Mustiphin by a white father, is a Quintroon,—and the child of a Quintroon woman by a white is free by law. Some authors who have treated on the West Indies do not count so far; but the writer of this has seen more than one family of Quintroons by Mustiphin mothers in a state of slavery; which, of course, would not have been the case, had they been those persons called white by law.

of the public generally. There seems to be great room for improvements in the West India system of agriculture in particular: and upon the whole, though his remarks are of a common and rather superficial kind, we are disposed to give the author credit for actual observation, intelligence, and good intentions.

The Omnipresence of the Deity: a Poem.
By Robert Montgomery. Post 8vo. pp. 203.
Second Edition, revised and enlarged. London, 1828. S. Maunday.

It is little more than six weeks since (Feb. 2) we expressed our sentiments respecting the first edition of this striking poem. We viewed it as the production of youthful genius—not without imperfections, but pre-eminently redeemed by beauties of the highest order. These feelings, sanctioned as they now are by the opinion of the public, so decidedly expressed as already to have called forth another edition, we have not the slightest inclination to qualify. True genius is a rare plant; and we should be ashamed of ourselves and of our station in the literary world, if we permitted either a cold heartedness as individuals, or a cold criticalness as public writers, to rob us of that sympathy and enthusiasm which the first efforts of struggling genius are so finely calculated to inspire. Be it for any others to decry specks on the bud which is just forcing its way through the hard earth, daring existence in the open light of heaven, and promising to expand in glorious petals: be it for any others, we say, to attempt to nip this bud,—for us, we will cherish it in its infancy, and look forward with hope and pleasure to the sunshine which is to unfold its bloom. Should we be disappointed in the flower—at least we shall have the gratification of reflecting that we did not rudely crush it in its birth: and should it flourish and yield universal delight—we shall remember with no inferior joy that ours was the first breath that warmed it into life, and ours the first voice that proclaimed its fragrant blossoming.

Let us now turn shortly to this new edition, which is very obviously and greatly improved. We are not going over the ground again; but we wish particularly to direct attention to the pure, religious, and devotional principle which animates the poem, and which will make it a favourite with a very numerous class of readers of the best kind. We cite one example:—

"Though Crime entomb herself within the heart,
And veil her anguish with dissembling art;
Though mid the glare of day, and dazzling strife
That flutters on the shadowy stream of life,
She move as merry as the morning air,
Unmarr'd by grief, unmorrow'd by a care,—
Darkness shall bare the burden of her sin,
And fan the hell of thought that flames within!"

At deep dead night, when not an earthly sound
Jars on the brooding air that sleeps around;
When all the drowsy feelings of the day,
Touch'd by the wand of Truth, dissolve away,—
Unhallo'd Guilt shall in her bosom feel
A rack too fierce for language to reveal:
A sense unutterable within the soul
Of Him pervading—living through the whole;
On every limb shall creeping terror come,
Lock her white lips, and strike her anguish dumb;
Vengeance shall utter a tremendous yell,
And fancy flutter round the gulf of hell!

Not to come Darkness to the good man's breast,
When Night brings on the holy hour of rest;
Tir'd of the day, a pillow laps his head,
While heaven's vigils watch around the bed;
His spirit bosom'd on the God of all,
Peace to the hour! whatever the night befall:
Then pleasing Memory unrolls her chart,
To raise, refine, and regulate the heart:
Exulting boyhood, and its host of smiles,
Next busy manhood battling with its toils,
Delights and dreams that made the heart run o'er,
The love forgotten, and the friends no more—
The panorama of past life appears,
Warms his pure mind, and melts it into tears!

Till, like a shutting flower, the senses close,
And on him lies the beauty of repose."

With some degree of reference to our introductory remarks, rather than to its merit as superior to the other minor pieces with which the volume closes, we quote the following, on *the Pains of Genius*.

"Envy not the Poet's name,
Darken not his dawn of fame;
'Tis the guardian of a mind
Above the thralls of earthly kind!
'Tis the haven for a soul
Where the storms of genius roll;
It often lights him to his doom—
A halo round an early tomb!"

The whirling brain and heated brow;
Ideas that torture while they grow;
The soaring fancy over-fraught,
The burning agonies of thought;
The sleepless eye and racking head,
The airy terrors round him spread:
Or freezing smile of Apathy,
Or scowl of green-eyed Jealousy;
Or haggard want, whose lean hands wave
Unto a cold, uncover'd grave:
Oh! these must win a Poet's name;
Then darken not his dawn of fame."

From *London at Midnight*, another of the smaller poems, we are sorry we can find space to extract only a few passages: the whole is very fine.

"The fret and fever of the day are o'er,
And London slumbers, but with murmurs faint,
Like Ocean, when she folds her waves to sleep:
'Tis the pure hour for poetry and thought;
When passions sink, and man surveys the heavens,
And feels himself immortal."

O'er all a sad sublimity is spread—
The dimming smile of night, amid the air,
Darkly and dream, the spiny steeples rise
Like shadows of the past; the houses lie
In dismal clusters, motionless as in sleep;
And, towering far above the rest, yon dome
Upstairs, as if self-balanced in the gloom—
A spectre cowering o'er the dusky piles."

How noiseless are the streets! a few hours gone,
And all was fierce commotion; car and hoof,
And clacking wheel, and crackling stone, and throats
That rang with revelry and woe—were here
Immingled in the stir of life; but now
A deadness mutes the midnight scene:
Time, with his awful feet, has paced the world,
And frowned her myriads into sleep!—'Tis hush'd!
Save when a distant drowsy watch-call breaks
Intrusive on the calm; or rapid cars,
That roll them into silence. Beauteous look
The train of hours, yellow'd by the moon,
Whose tile-roofs slanting down amid the light,
Gleam like an azure track of wakening sea!"

The Past!—Oh! who on London stones can tread,
Nor shadow forth the spirits that have been?
An atmosphere of genius genders here
Remembrance of the past! the storied nurse,
The ancient mother of the mighty, Thou,
Unrivall'd London! sages, poets, kings,
And all the giant race of glorious fame,
Whose world-flaming minds, like quenchless stars,
Burn through the wreck of ages—triumphed here,
Or ravished hence a beam of Fame! And now
Imagination clings these mighty dead to bliss
In dismal majesty from out the tomb!

And who shall paint the midnight scenes of life
In this vast city—mart of human kind!
Some weary wrecks of woe are lapp'd in sleep,
And bless'd in dreams, whose day-life was a curse!
Some, heart-rack'd, roll upon a sleepless couch,
And from the heated brain create a hell
Of agonising thoughts and ghastly fears!
While Pleasure's mother, around the golden glass
Of princely halls, dance off the dull-wing'd hours:
And, oh! perchance, in some infectious cell,
Far from his home, unaided and alone,
The famished wanderer dies!—no voice to sound
Sweet comfort to his heart—no hand to smooth
The bed of death,—no beaming eye to bless
The spirit hovering o'er another world!

And shall this city-queen—this peerless mass
Of pillar'd domes, and gray-worn towers sublime,
Be blotted from the world, and forests wave
Where once the second Rome was seen? Oh! say,
Will rank grass grow on England's royal streets,
And wild brambles howl where Commerce stalk'd supreme?
Alas! let Memory dart her eagle-glance
Down vantage'd time, till summer'd ages rise
With ruin'd empires on their wings! Thought weeps
With patriot truth, to own a funeral day,
Heart of the universe! shall visit thee,

† St. Paul's.

When round thy wreck some lonely man shall roam,
And, sighing, say—" 'Twas here vast London stood !"

But, hark ! again the heavy bell has peal'd
Its doleful thunder through the skies : the stars
Grow pale, the moon seems weary of her course ;
And Morn begins to blossom in the east :
Then let me home, and Heaven protect my thoughts !"

Lyon's Mexico.

(Continuation : Second Notice.)

It can hardly fail, we think, to gratify our readers, if we continue to make a few additional selections which may help to shew that the very striking examples of Mexican manners, with which we last concluded, are not peculiar. At San Vicente the church "was a long mud barn, not even white-washed; a poverty of appearance which could in no way take from its sanctity as a place of worship; but it was filled with at least a hundred of the most horrid figures I ever saw, painted in gaudy colours, and varying in size from very small dolls to that of a half-grown person. One figure of our Saviour, with a large brown wig, was seated on a child's toy-horse, exactly of the kind which our English children play with, having straight legs, and the head and curved neck cut out of a flat board. This was by no means the worst figure to be seen:—but I will not dwell on the disgusting appearance of the monsters which met my eye; such, in fact, that had a strange people visited this church, they would not have hesitated to consider the worshippers as idolaters. I can only say, that hitherto I have neither seen an original nor a picture of the Mexican deities at the time of the conquest more abhorrent or absurd than the idols in the Romish church of San Vicente."

At Tula (says Captain L.), "our lodging was opposite the church, at which, hearing music in the evening, I found a crowd of people with a young woman, who was bearing on her head a little dead child, dressed in coloured papers, so arranged as to represent a robe, and tied to a board by a white handkerchief. Round the body were stuck a profusion of artificial flowers; the face was uncovered, and the little hands tied together as if in prayer. A fiddler and a man playing on a guitar accompanied the crowd to the church-door; and the mother, having entered for a few minutes, again appeared with her child, and walked off, accompanied by her friends, to the burying-place. The father followed with another man, who assisted him with a lighted piece of wood in throwing up hand-rockets, of which he bore a large bundle under his arm. The whole ceremony was one of cheerfulness and gaiety, since all children who die young are supposed to escape purgatory, and to become 'angelitos' at once. I was informed that the burial would be followed by a fandango, in token of rejoicing that the babe had been taken from this world.—It is, doubtless, the duty of Christians to be resigned to their afflictions; but I am sure that few English women could carry their first and only infant to its grave with smiling countenances; and I equally can answer for the inability of the men to throw up rejoicing rockets when their first-born is taken from them."

The marriages of Guichola Indians (who live round Bolaños) are thus mentioned:—"In complexion, feature, hair, and eyes, I could trace a very great resemblance between these Indians and the Esquimaux, who are, however, somewhat shorter, and more corpulent. They are said to be a very peaceable, inoffensive race when sober; but quite outrageous in their drunken fits, when their

quarrels are very bloody. Their marriages are curiously conducted, since it is the custom for a man to take his intended wife on trial; and if, after an indefinite time, he likes her, they are then married by a priest or friar, who once a-year goes round to perform this ceremony, and to christen, perhaps, the offspring of half the newly-married couples. Should the lady not give satisfaction, she may be returned to her parents, even if pregnant: and women who have been thus discarded, are as frequently taken again on trial, and ultimately married, as any others."

The worst Mexican vice, however, is a disregard of human life.

At San Luis, "pulque is sold at almost every corner; and its effects on the natives are often very visible. To the abundance of this and other liquors may be attributed the frequent and sanguinary quarrels at this place, and the numerous assassinations committed, chiefly among the lower orders, who all carry knives concealed under their blanket, although the laws formally prohibit weapons. Very slight provocation is sometimes sufficient to make one man stab another; and two murders of this kind took place in open day during my stay at San Luis. The assassin in such cases is merely confined for a few days, and then set at liberty to commit fresh enormities. Sometimes, but rarely, he is sent as a convict for two years to Vera Cruz. One of the murders before alluded to, took place in consequence of a dispute between two men of different villages, each of whom claimed for his Pueblo the merit of having sent the largest nose-gay as a present to the Virgin at the feast of Corpus Christi;—to end the matter, one very deliberately stabbed the other, wiped his knife, and was taken into custody, well knowing that in a few days he should regain his liberty. To instance still further the state of the laws in the northern parts of the republic of Mexico at this period, I may relate, that a German gentleman, some time since, was attacked on the road to Durango by a robber, who, having fired at and missed him, was instantly shot dead. The gentleman was afterwards fined 500 dollars for killing instead of taking him prisoner and bringing him to Durango, whence, after a few days confinement, he would again have been turned out upon the world."

Of Zacatecas we are told: "I am sorry that it is not in my power to say much in favour of the city of Zacatecas, which I believe was once the capital of a powerful nation (the Zapotecas), who were subjugated with great difficulty by the troops despatched by Cortez for that purpose, after the conquest of Mexico. I acknowledge a dislike to both the natives and the town, which I only entered five or six times on business; and I had no idle time on my hands, had I been disposed to make my visits more frequently. Thrice I so far succeeded in attracting public attention as to be hooted at as a Jew; and once had the honour of being pelted with stones. The frequent use of the knife is also a sufficient discouragement to a stranger's visiting the city. Murder is too slight a crime to merit punishment,—and during the month of May, twenty-one assassinations took place, without a single person being brought to justice."

If the natives are thus unsparing of each other, it is not to be supposed that they entertain any very great regard for their heretical visitors. On the contrary, they hold such persons as English Protestant travellers in supreme dislike. Capt. L. states:—

"July 9.—A party of English artificers

and miners, under the charge of my friend Mr. Tindal, arrived from Real del Monte, and passed through Zacatecas at the time it was most crowded with people, who on Sundays flock from the neighbourhood to attend the market. On these occasions they generally get drunk, when they become quarrelsome, and too frequently use their knives against each other. It was an unlucky moment for strangers to appear amongst them, and they availed themselves of it to quarrel with the English and to throw stones at them:—had not a party of the city 'milicia' been sent to protect the new comers on their way to the Veta Grande, some serious consequences might have ensued. The custom-house officers having taken it into their half-tipsy heads that the baggage of the travellers contained some arms, stopped it all in the middle of the town, and Mr. Tindal and I were obliged to ride there to settle matters. By humouring the crowd, who were already ripe for mischief, we kept them in tolerably good temper; but no sooner were our backs turned, than we were saluted with a half-merry half-saucy hiss, and they honoured our retreat with a few stones. Considerable ill-will was also manifested towards the strangers by the miners at the Veta; and when they appeared singly, they were pelted. An attack was actually made at night on the door of the house in which they were quartered, and it was battered with stones. Four ringleaders of the assailants were taken up and imprisoned; and on the following morning a threatening paper which had been pasted on our stable-gates and on the door of the alcalde was brought to us. *

"The people of the mining districts have the character of being more lawless and unruly than those whose occupations are different; and whatever may be the truth of this imputation as regards other mining states, the Zacatecas are somewhat worse than their neighbours. I do not, however, conceive that the mining interests of foreigners can now be materially or even slightly affected by the lawlessness of the operatives. Mexico is a country newly awakened from a long dream of ignorance and oppression; and as much improvement is already observable to the residents in the country, more may naturally be anticipated, although its progress must, I conceive be slower in the state of Zacatecas than in the more central provinces, since the natives possess more bigotry and intolerance than their neighbours; and any improvements introduced by men of a different faith from themselves will, for a period, be received with distrust, and were at first exposed to insult. It will scarcely be believed that there should exist a people in a nominally civilised country, who yet believe in Lord Monboddo's ingenious theory of tails; * yet so it is,—that the English, or, indeed, all foreigners, being considered as Jews, are supposed to be ornamented by these appendages; and many people can be found, who firmly believe that our stirrups being placed more forward on our saddles than is the custom of the country, is to allow of our stooping a little, so as to prevent the friction of the saddle from inconveniencing the rider's tail. It is to this bigotry that the circumstances of insults, with which some of our people were received on their first arrival, are to be attributed. The prejudice of the people, influenced by the ignorant priesthood, induced them to look with jealousy upon all foreigners as heretics. This prejudice is greater in these northern states

* A nun inquired, at another place, whether the tails of heretics fell off on their conversion to the Catholic faith !!

than in the other parts of the republic, and may be attributed in a great measure to the little intercourse they have had with Europeans, and will wear off gradually with the general improvement which this country must experience. In other parts of the republic our countrymen have been well received."

To these two extracts we may add a curious and memorable English recollection. Of Tampico "It is recorded, that Admiral Drake once visited this place, and carried off all the wealth of the inhabitants, which induced them to found the village now distinguished by the name of Tampico, and situated on a rising ground, amidst the thickets, about seven miles to the southward.—The memory of this visit has been preserved in a singular way, although I have but little confidence in the authenticity of the story. The English sailors are said to have introduced to the natives, whom they plundered, the method of making grog; which name having, I suppose, been too difficult to remember, has been supplanted by that of *Drak*, in memory of our English admiral."

We will here give another more modern and characteristic anecdote. At San Luis Potosi our author administered a couple of pills to an old lady, who disturbed him by moaning all night, in consequence of headache; and she "very deliberately poked one up each nostril, as being nearer the seat of pain; but a little explanation procured their extraction, and ensured the transfer to her mouth."

Something farther may be gathered of the *status quo* in Mexico, by comparing the price of a horse with that of a bird. At Tula (Captain L. tells us), "wishing to purchase a horse, I was enabled to see the lazo exercised in its utmost perfection; and the dexterity with which particular animals were selected and arrested for my inspection from the herd at full speed, was far beyond what I had expected. The whole scene was of the most animating kind; the wild, galloping horses, the mirth and activity of the men on foot, who seemed delighted in shewing their skill, was above all things pleasing. I purchased here a very good pacing horse for *twelve dollars*, equal to 2*l.* 8*s.*"

And, again, at San Luis: "in passing through the streets, many cages of birds are seen suspended within the wooden-barred windows, of which the simoniti, or mocking-bird, seems to be the favourite. These are very abundant in the surrounding country; yet *fifty dollars* are considered as by no means a high price for a good singer."

For the present we shall close this paper with a few selections referable to matters of natural history.

"There still exist at Panuco two Indian 'comunidades,'* amongst whom the Guastec language, to the almost total exclusion of the Spanish, is spoken. These poor people live unmixed with the whites, who amount to 1500 persons, and who may be called the fixed population. During the unhealthy months, many families come here from Tampico; and in the dry season Panuco is a kind of watering-place, to which people resort for the purpose of bathing, the river here being more free from cay-

mans than at any other part. For such families as choose to devote a little trouble and expense to decency, small spaces are staked-off near the banks, and lightly covered with palm branches: but such niceties are not much attended to; both sexes bathe without scruple at the same time; and many of the young women swim extremely well."

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

The Veterinarian. Nos. I. II. and III. Longman and Co.

A monthly production, dedicated to the veterinary art, and likely to do much service to it, by making its principles better known, and leading to an improved general practice of farriery. Great ignorance prevails in this useful branch; and utility and humanity have alike long called for its amelioration. We are, therefore, glad to see the subject taken up in a popular periodical form, and trust it will produce all the beneficial effects which may be expected from a skilful exposition of the diseases of valuable animals, and their best modes of alleviation and cure.

The Hebrew; a Sketch in the Nineteenth Century; with the Dream of St. Keyna. 12mo. pp. 232. Edinburgh, Blackwood; London, Cadell.

A TALE of a religious tendency, in which the incidents are neither so peculiar, nor the style so elevated, as to demand our especial notice. In the rank of literature to which it belongs, the *Hebrew* may take its place as a pleasing and moral narrative. The *Dream* is more commendable for the inculcation of virtue than for high poetical merit.

Arran: a Poem. By the Reverend David Landsborough, Minister of Stevenston. 18mo. pp. 167. Edinburgh, Blackwood; London, Cadell.

THE writer appears to be an amiable person, and alive to the beauties of nature. His production, however, partakes too much of locality to be of very high interest in our southern parts. The title-page is adorned with a beautiful vignette, to which we see the name, "*A. Blackwood sculp.*;" and if this should happen to be any acion of the publisher's, we take the liberty of congratulating him on a very elegant and tasteful display of talent. It is one of the best things of its kind we have met with from the Modern Athens.

A Treatise on Diet, &c. By J. A. Paris, M.D. F.R.S., &c. 8vo. Underwoods.

We have merely to notice this as a third edition of a work highly and deservedly popular. Great experience, good sense, abilities of the foremost order, and a most pleasing manner of conveying information, are Dr. Paris's striking characteristics; and that success which we, in the first instance, anticipated for his useful labours, is now largely rewarding them, and confirming the validity of our opinions.

The Spirit and Manners of the Age; a Christian and Literary Miscellany. New Series. No. I. Westley and Davies.

THE preceding Numbers of this Monthly Miscellany having accomplished a race of four (we believe, half year) volumes, the present No., under a new Editor, commences a new era. It appears to be a moral and religious publication, interspersed with articles of a more generally amusing character; and, perhaps, its greatest blemish is its name,—for it is any thing but a picture of the Spirit and

Manners of the Age. *Ex.gr.*: the first article, a very pleasing one, upon *old Christmas*, by the Author of *London in the Olden Times*;—brief essays on Profaneness, on Disappointment, on Parental Example, on Dreams, and on the Superstition of Intellectual Men; an Account of a Unique Fossil, (which we cannot comprehend); the Ebenezer, a religious exhortation; an Apologue from the Talmud; and several pieces of serious poetry;—whatever they may be of their kind, have no pretensions to compose almost entirely a magazine called the *Spirit and Manners of the Age*. These matters either do not belong to the age in which we live, or are common to all periods. Of the only other papers, that on Phenology alone belongs to our enlightened epoch; an Officer's Funeral and Tea Parties having nothing to distinguish them:—there are, however, Reviews of New Books, and Notices of the Fine Arts. In conclusion, though we have stated that this work is not consistent with its name, we beg not be misunderstood as blaming it. It is very respectable in its real character of a Religious and Literary Miscellany.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

WE have elsewhere recorded a liberal act of individual encouragement to the fine arts; and it gives us much pleasure to have to mention, in the same sheet of our annals of the memorabilia of the times, another instance of tribute from wealth to talent. Mr. Fuller, of Rosehill, (by his "familiar called Jack,") whose patronage of the Royal Institution was before very substantially shewn, has, of late, evinced the continuance of his regards in an extremely handsome and agreeable manner. He has presented a golden medal, of some ten guineas intrinsic value, to the principal persons who have distinguished themselves by chemical discoveries in connexion with this Society. Sir H. Davy, Dr. Wollaston, Mr. Hatchett, Mr. Brande, Mr. Faraday, Mr. Daniell, Mr. Children, and others, have severally received these grateful testimonies—which are from the die of Wyon, and worthy of his skill. The obverse is a fine head of the English father of true philosophy, Bacon: the reverse, a wreath of laurel, surrounding an inscription, "*For Chemical Discoveries: given by John Fuller, Member of the Royal Institution.*"—We always applaud such matters as these: as human nature is constituted, they are powerful stimulants to exertion, and the arts and the sciences should welcome them cordially.

THE City of London Literary and Scientific Institution held its half-yearly meeting at Albion Hall about three weeks ago; George Grote, jun., Esq. one of the vice-presidents, in the chair. The report read by the secretary was highly favourable. A commodious theatre for lectures has been erected in the rear of the house in Aldersgate Street, and the reading rooms, &c. have been improved, at a cost of 2000*l.*

MEDICO-BOTANICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.

MARCH 14th.—At a meeting of this date, Sir James McGregor, president, in the chair, the Duke of Somerset was admitted an honorary Fellow. Earl Stanhope, Sir A. Johnston, Le Comte de la Garde, Dr. John Fleming, Dr. Roupell, Dr. Dunlap, &c. were admitted Fellows. Amongst the presentations were: Geographical Essays, presented by Mr. Jomard; a specimen of the Cashew apple, by Dr. Barclay, &c. The Emperors of Austria and Brazil,

	Families.	Souls.
* These are Tanalichok, containing	138	525
Tanquinan	78	283
At Tanjuco, nine leagues from Panuco, and appertaining to its cure, are also	30	101

246 = 909
Making a total pure Indian population of 909; a fearful diminution from a nation which, according to report, once amounted to 100,000.

having signified their desire to become honorary Fellows, were respectively elected. A communication from the King of Wurtemberg was read, stating that he had had great pleasure in giving directions for the transmission of the medicinal plants of his kingdom for the Herbarium of the Society. Mr. Frost delivered some observations on cinchona, (a splendid specimen of which was exhibited by Mr. Batley); on a resinous extract of cubeba; the essential oil of copaiba; an extract of senna and of cinchona. The president announced that the anniversary dinner would be celebrated on the 3d of May.

MAJOR LAING.—It is surprising to see the various and contradictory reports which from time to time appear in the French journals respecting Major Laing and the other English travellers in Africa. According to a recent letter received by the French Academy from M. Jomard, it seems that the two hundred pounds sterling which poor Belzoni deposited at Morocco, in order that when he arrived at Timbuctoo he might receive that sum, was paid at Timbuctoo to a white man, no doubt Major Laing, in the beginning of the year 1826; but that nothing is known with certainty of what afterwards became of the traveller. It was, however, reported, that in the course of the year 1827 a white man left Timbuctoo with a caravan returning to Morocco; but that he was assassinated on the journey; and that the crime was afterwards revealed by some of the party who had not participated in it.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

OXFORD, March 15.—On Thursday the following degrees were conferred:—

Bachelor in Divinity.—Rev. W. Jackson, Fellow of Queen's College.
Master of Arts.—Rev. H. C. Wilson, Lincoln College.
Bachelor of Arts.—W. D. Philpot, Lincoln College.

CAMBRIDGE, March 15.—The Chancellor's gold medals for the two best proficient in classical learning among the commencing Bachelors of Arts, were on Wednesday last adjudged to Mr. William Selwyn, of St. John's College, and Mr. Thomas Williamson Pele, of Trinity College.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

THIS Society, which is zealously pursuing many objects of great literary importance and general utility, held its anniversary meeting at the Thatched House Tavern last Saturday; the Right Hon. C. W. Wynn, President, in the chair. Though not very publicly announced, so as to collect a greater number of members, there was an attendance of nearly seventy, including Baron Falck and Count Ludolf, foreign ministers at our court, and several distinguished individuals of our own nation. At a council preceding the dinner, the annual election of officers took place; but the main business of the day consisted in the details given by Sir Alexander Johnston of the progress made by the Committee chosen to superintend the translation of Arabian, Hindu, and other MSS. This great undertaking, of which an account appeared in the *Literary Gazette* some months ago, is rapidly assuming a decided form. The Duke of Clarence patronises it very warmly; the Directors of the East India Company have subscribed a hundred guineas a year towards it; and we believe the whole subscription amounts to little short of 1000*l.* per annum. It is, indeed, a design which every literary man of affluence ought to patronise.

FINE ARTS.

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

As good example has long been held to be at least as efficient as the best precepts, we are inclined to fancy that we cannot more certainly serve the Fine Arts, and especially promote the interests of our Native School, than by substituting for any of our own criticisms in this No. a list of the patrons who have purchased works exhibited in the British Gallery. This is the real way to encourage the profession; and we trust that the honour of sharing in it will yet bring us another list, as long.

Subjects.	Artists' Names.	Purchasers.
<i>Studies of the Glaciers.</i>	R. B. Davis.	His Majesty.
<i>Who'll Serve the King?</i>	Robt. Farrier.	Rev. Wm. Long.
<i>Weakness of Fort Rouge.</i>	C. Stanfield.	Geo. Watson Taylor, M.P.
<i>Water Mill at Ventnor.</i>	Miss Gouldsmith.	The Marquess of Stafford.
<i>A Fisherman.</i>	H. P. Parker.	Ditto.
<i>Halfpenny of Burley Bay in a Vandyke Dress.</i>	A. Morton.	Ditto.
<i>Mecklin.</i>	John Boaden.	Ditto.
<i>The Pope's Villa.</i>	R. Stanley.	Earl Brownlow.
<i>The Chancel of St. Rombold.</i>	John Laporte.	Ditto.
<i>Portuguese Peasants.</i>	D. Roberts.	Lord Northwick.
<i>Boy's Head.</i>	Chas. Landseer.	Lord Chas. Townshend.
<i>A Greek Girl.</i>	G. S. Newton.	Alex. Baring, Esq., M.P.
<i>Musidora.</i>	John Boaden.	Sir M. White Ridley, Bart., M.P.
<i>Committee of Taste.</i>	T. Webster.	Marq. Conyngham.
<i>The Cottage Diorama.</i>	Ditto.	Thos. Drane, Esq.
<i>Rebecca's Visit to the Lady Roseana.</i>	Miss Ann Beaumont.	Mrs. Barnard.
<i>The White Lady building Lady Arundel to Dame Glendinning's.</i>	Ditto.	Ditto.
<i>The Rustic Wreath.</i>	W. F. Witherington.	Geo. Morant, Esq.
<i>A Scene in the Highlands.</i>	E. Landseer.	Wm. Wells, Esq.
<i>The Water-cress Girl.</i>	S. Drummond.	S. C. Hall, Esq.
<i>Cows of the Ayrshire Breed.</i>	Jas. Ward.	Wm. Wells, Esq.
<i>Dressing for a Maquerelle.</i>	R.A.	Wm. Kidd.
<i>The Mother.</i>	Wm. Kidd.	Slater, Esq.
<i>A Rascal at Toronto.</i>	Jno. Partridge.	Dowager Marchmont.
<i>View of the Piazza, Venice.</i>	Ditto.	Ditto.
<i>Domestic Scene.</i>	R. B. Bonnington.	Robt. Vernon, Esq.
<i>Shipwreck, Morning.</i>	A. Goides.	Ditto.
<i>A Welsh Peasant.</i>	B. Barker.	Ditto.
<i>Game.</i>	John Boaden.	Ditto.
<i>Last, ye Landmen all, to me.</i>	Wm. Kidd.	Ditto.
<i>Penrhyn Park.</i>	John Knight.	Ditto.
<i>Old Houses at Dolly.</i>	F. R. Lee.	Ditto.
<i>Entrance to Loch Katrine.</i>	Geo. Jones.	Ditto.
<i>Warwickshire.</i>	R.A.	Ditto.
<i>Trout.</i>	A. Nasmyth.	Lennox, Esq.
<i>Instruction.</i>	Geo. Hilditch.	Ditto.
<i>Smoking the Cabbler.</i>	S. A. Hart.	Robt. Hudson, Esq.
<i>Study from Nature.</i>	Wm. Kidd.	Moon, Boys, & Co.
<i>Ditto.</i>	W. P. Rogers.	B. Gosling, Esq.
<i>The Dancing Dog.</i>	Ditto.	W. Twopenny, Esq.
<i>His Majesty's Frigate, Blund.</i>	Wm. Gill.	Wm. Wells, Esq.
<i>Views in different situations.</i>	George Lance.	E. Dubois, Esq.
<i>A Fisher Boy.</i>	G. P. Reinegle.	Capt. Lord Byron.
<i>The Young Draught Players.</i>	Alex. Fraser.	Robert Williams, Esq., M.P.
<i>Cottages near Rochester Castle.</i>	Wm. Gill.	John Sharpe, Esq.
<i>Deer fallen from a Precipice.</i>	W. P. Rogers.	David Twopenny, Esq.
<i>Portsea Ferry.</i>	E. Landseer.	U. Heathcote, Esq.
<i>Dogs Hunting Rats in a Barn.</i>	Geo. Arnold.	Lennox, Esq.
<i>Dead Rabbit.</i>	Marten T. Ward.	Ditto.
<i>Landscape.</i>	Ditto.	Ditto.
<i>View of Dalmaney, &c., Morning.</i>	T. R. Lee.	Pattison Ellames, Esq.
<i>Ditto, Evening.</i>	Rev. J. Thompson.	W. H. Vincent, Esq.
<i>Group of Sheep, and Figures.</i>	Ditto.	Ditto.
	John Dearman.	Conran, Esq.

<i>Landscape, Sheep, and Figures.</i>	Ditto.	Ditto.
<i>Scene on the River Erne, Devon.</i>	John Wilson.	Rev. Geo. Preston.
<i>Scene near Raigate.</i>	Ditto.	Ditto.
<i>The Menai Bridge.</i>	G. Arnold, A.R.A.	Provis, Esq.
<i>Cottages, Scene, with Figures.</i>	J. and E. Dearman.	Lord Wm. Powlett.
<i>Summer.</i>	E. G. Physick, jun.	Williams, Esq.
<i>The Passage of the Cone, Loch Katrine.</i>	Alex. Nasmyth.	Marquess of Ormond.
<i>Fruit.</i>	S. Platt.	Salisbury, Esq.
<i>Ditto.</i>	Ditto.	Ditto.
<i>Venus unloves, and awakens Love.</i>	William Etty, A.R.A.	Josh. Strutt, Esq.
<i>A Brace of Partridges.</i>	S. Taylor.	John Cronyn, Esq.
<i>Smugglers alarmed.</i>	H. P. Parker.	Ditto.
<i>The Soldier's Return.</i>	T. Webster.	Ditto.
<i>Land Storm.</i>	Miss Nasmyth.	Honble. Douglas Kinnaid.
<i>The Cobbler.</i>	T. Clater.	Kock, Esq.
<i>The Oyster Girl.</i>	Ditto.	Ditto.
<i>Landscape, Moonlight.</i>	T. C. Holland.	Ditto.
<i>Gamekeepers Returning.</i>	S. J. E. Jones.	Sir Geo. Phillips, Bart., M.P.
<i>Shepherd Boy.</i>	Saml. William Reynolds, jun.	Wade Brown, Esq.
<i>Beach Trees, from Nature.</i>	F. R. Lee.	Wm. Wells, Esq.
<i>The Opening of the Docks at Sheerness.</i>	W. J. Huggins.	Geo. Rennie, Esq.
<i>A Study from Nature.</i>	P. C. Wonder.	
<i>The Hoarder.</i>	G. G. Bullock.	W. A. White, Esq.

The foregoing sales amount altogether to about £2500; and we have now to add a gratifying fact of individual generosity. Mr. Soane the architect has most liberally presented the sum of £500 to the British Institution, as a token of his anxious desire to promote the Fine Arts. This princely donation is worthy of a person who has derived his own splendid fortune from the cultivation of the arts; and we learn with pleasure, that the governors of the Institution, to express their sense of the favour, have requested Mr. Soane to sit to Mr. Jackson for his portrait, to be preserved in the gallery as a memorial of his munificence.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS, SUFFOLK STREET.

OUR private *coup d'œil* over this Exhibition (which opens on Monday) enables us to say that it possesses a number of pictures of superior character in various walks of art. Mr. Davis has a work in the highest class—of a maniac visited by his family; and it must greatly raise his reputation. Linton has a noble classical subject;—Glover, with other natural landscapes, a splendid one of the Vale of Avoca;—E. Landseer, a perfect piece of rat-catching; the dogs are the most thorough warm-blooded imaginable; and the style and colouring would do honour to any picture of any school. Stanfield and others furnish a fair proportion of clever sea and shore pieces;—Roberts some admirable old towns;—an amateur of the name of Thomson a grand Salvator-like scene of Loch Katrine;—Theodore Lane, Kidd, Gill, Knight, Inskipp, Simpson jun., &c. &c. maintain the fame of the Dutch and Flemish manner by a multitude of small but well-finished subjects of genuine humour. One portrait by J. Simpson struck us much; and Brougham, from Lonsdale's pencil, also attracted our attention. But the rooms were in too confused a state to admit of our report being a very accurate one: we only notice the general pictures with the encomium they deserve; and have to add, that the Exhibition of this year is particularly rich in sculpture.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

An Improvisatrice. Drawn on stone by J. H. Lynch, from a Painting by T. Warington, Esq. Englemann and Co.
A Countenance replete with poetical su-

spiration, and a form of great feminine grace and delicacy; the whole exhibiting a beautiful specimen of the lithographic art.

The North Elevation of the Cathedral Church of St. Paul, London. Measured, drawn, and engraved in the line style by G. Gladwin. Published by himself.

This is a work of exceeding difficulty and labour. The drawing appears to have been very carefully executed, every accessible part of the noble and venerable building having been measured for the purpose; and the plate is most beautifully and perspicuously engraved. It will be a highly valuable addition to the portfolio of the amateur or student of architecture.

Lithographic Imitations of Sketches by Modern Artists. By Richard J. Lane, A.R.A. Nos. VI. and VII. J. Dickinson.

We are glad to learn that Mr. Lane has made arrangements which will enable him to proceed rapidly with the execution of this clever work. No. VI. is "La Nuit et le Jour," (Edda, Fable 16) by G. Jones, R.A. No. VII. "Studies from Nature," by W. Collins, R.A. Although not possessing any remarkable interest in themselves, these Numbers are as successful as their predecessors in shewing the style of the masters of whose designs they are imitations.

BRITISH DIORAMA: OXFORD STREET.

This is a very interesting exhibition, and is well worth visiting. It consists of four large pictures (said, indeed, to be the four largest ever exhibited together in this country), painted by Messrs. Stanfield and Roberts; namely, the Lake of Maggiore, in Italy; the Interior of St. George's Chapel, Windsor; Wreck of an Indianman, and Storm on the Coast; and Ruins of Tintern Abbey, by Moonlight. Our countrymen have shewn great talent in the execution of these paintings; especially of the Interior of St. George's Chapel, and the Wreck of an Indianman; but we cannot in justice say that in dioramic effect they are equal to the French. This is apparently owing to some deficiency in the mechanical means of producing and varying the light, which prevents the illusion from being complete.

DIORAMA.—The Diorama in the Regent's Park opens on Monday with two new subjects: the private view being on the day of our publication, we can only say that these are the Interior of a Chapel and the Vale of Untersien.

BIOGRAPHY.

SIR JAMES EDWARD SMITH, M.D. F.R.S.
This distinguished naturalist, the first President of the Linnean Society, died on Monday last at Norwich, his native place. From the year 1786, when he published his first medical work, almost to the hour of his death, he devoted himself with indefatigable zeal chiefly to botanical studies, but not neglecting other branches of natural history—for he wrote on Lepidopterous Insects, and other subjects connected with his principal pursuit. The productions of Sir J. Smith as an author, during the long space of forty-two years, fill a multitude of volumes, besides tracts, and contributions to scientific journals. He enriched the Philosophical Transactions, Nicholson's Journal, &c. by his pen; but the most of his detached labours were given to the Transactions of the Linnean Society, of which he may be

said to have been the founder. Besides his Translations from Linneus and others, his leading original works are, the English Botany, in 24 volumes; the Flora Græca (in conjunction with Dr. Sibthorpe); the Flora Britannica; and a Tour on the Continent. The news of his decease was communicated to the Linnean Society, at its meeting on Wednesday; and the members immediately retired, as a tribute of respect to their friend and president.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

AFRICA.

THE country of Walo is situated on the left bank, and near the mouth of the river Senegal. The French have lately been founding establishments there for free colonial labour; the result of which may have a great influence over the whole of that part of Africa. Walo is governed by a king, who bears the title of Brak. This word has no meaning in itself. According to the negroes, it was the name of the first of their kings, and his successors have considered themselves honoured by adopting it; just as the Roman emperors took the name of Cæsar or Augustus. The order of succession to the throne is established in a very singular manner, with a view of averting the evils that spring from minorities and regencies. On the death of a Brak, his brothers succeed him in the order of their birth. When this first series is exhausted, recourse is had to the eldest son of the first, and so on. It is required of the legitimate heir that he should be neither blind nor infirm; that he should be able to ride, to shoot, &c. If he do not possess these qualifications, his right devolves to another. The ceremonies of coronation are allegorical. The new king must pass through all the conditions of society, not excepting even that of the fisherman, which is nevertheless a despised cast. The Brak goes into the water, with some of the principal fishermen, in the middle of the appointed river; and when he comes out, he holds in his hand a fish, which it is to be supposed he has caught himself, but which, in fact, has been secretly conveyed to him. It is ridiculous enough to find, at the coast of the Brak, and in the places subjected to his authority, the customs and the ceremonies which prevailed in Europe during the feudal ages. Thus, for instance, the people believe that the royal family possess the gift of curing diseases by the imposition of hands. In his travels, the Brak and his retinue are maintained and fed at the expense of the villages through which they pass; while the Griot, or musicians and buffoons, sing the praises of the monarch to the unhappy peasantry, who are thus despoiled of their sheep, milk, and poultry. The Boukanek is a confidential servant, the majordomo and prime-minister. This important post is reserved for a family, who call themselves the Brak's slaves, but who, in fact, govern him. Dignities rarely go out of the families possessing them; and every one takes the name of the province over which he hereditarily reigns. They farm out the villages and domains to vassals, who pay them annual ground-rents: these vassals sub-let divisions of districts; and the fiscal and feudal chain thus descends even to the lowest inhabitant. The seigniors, proprietors of the villages, have adopted the same order of succession as that to the crown; but a few societies of the people have shaken off this system, and have formed a kind of communities, which have their civil officers, charged with the measurement of the

lands, the collection of taxes, the management of the police, and the administration of the law. The chief of this municipal magistracy is sometimes a Marabout, who assumes the title of Serin, or priest, and who obliges the people to pay tithes, which tithes are divided between the priest and a military chief appointed by the Brak. To the possession of the soil is attached the right of administering justice; and the maxim, "no land without a lord," is the basis of the common law in the country of Walo. One fact ought to excite profound reflections on the comparatively deplorable ignorance of the European population; namely, that in most of the villages of Walo, the greater portion of the negroes can read and write Arabic, which is to them a dead and learned language. The inhabitants of Walo are extremely polite. They are gay, argumentative, and fond of narratives of travels, combats, and the traditions of their country. In their assemblies by moon-light they amuse themselves with games of skill. Hospitality is a virtue by which they are particularly distinguished. Their superstition is equal to that of Europe in the ninth century. Such is the account given of these remarkable people by Baron Roger, ex-governor of the French colony of Senegal, who intends to publish an extensive philosophical and political treatise on Senegambia, to which he will add a very curious collection of negro tales and fables.

MUSIC.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

An admired Spanish Melody for the Piano-forte. By Edwin Merriott. Goulding; and D'Almaine.

This is a sweet melody, and the variations very pretty: it deserves a place in every lady's music book where grace and simplicity are prized.

Merriott's new Military Quadrilles.

Published by H. Falkner.

THESE are also very agreeable compositions. The third is especially moving in the affairs of feet, though a little borrowed from la Dame Blanche.

The Dream on the Pillow. Words by L. E. L.; composed by T. F. Walmsley. Goulding; and D'Almaine.

THE poetry of this lovely ballad deserved a better accompaniment in music than Mr. W. has succeeded in producing. We should like to see him try a new set.

Oh! would that Love. Canzonet from the German. The Words by L. E. L. (from the *Literary Gazette*); arranged by R. H. Manning, Esq. C. Vernon.

WE like this much better. The poetry is equally beautiful, and the air is simple, sweet, and appropriate.

The Flower Girl. Sung by Madame Vestris; written by R. V. Hetchcock; Symphonies, &c., by E. Merriott. H. Falkner.

THIS air occurs in *Moore's Melodies*, where it is called the Temple of Friendship. The verse is not above the usual order assigned to modern music.

COVENT GARDEN FUND.

ON Friday last week the Anniversary of this excellent charity took place at the Freemasons' Tavern; his Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence was in the chair, with his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex on his right, and surrounded by a company of more than

300 in number. The customary loyal, benevolent, and complimentary toasts were drank; and Mr. Fawcett gave an interesting account of the origin and prosperity of the Fund; to which it was soon after announced by the royal chairman that above £1400 had been contributed on the present occasion. In the musical department, Sir George Smart presided at the piano, and a variety of delightful and amusing pieces were performed. Among others, Miss Hughes sang "Coming through the rye" from the gallery, with fine effect, and was loudly cheered. Braham gave the "Shakespeare's Mulberry" in his own masterly and unequalled style,—holding in his hand a cup from the wood of this tree, so sacred to song.* Leete, Hawes, Golden, Parry, Broadhurst, Taylor, Morgan, Collier, and a strong corps of professional gentlemen of the foremost talent, added greatly to the harmony of the evening, which went off with much *éclat*.

DRAMA.

THE new tragedy of *Don Pedro* has disappeared from the Drury Lane play-bills, as we predicted, after its second representation; and an attempt to resuscitate Holcroft-Kennedy's comedy of *Forget and Forgive*, in three acts, with a new title, has been unsuccessful. The experiment was made too late. Had it been pruned of its heavy scenes, and reproduced in a more condensed state, while the investigation of the Holcroft robbery and murder was exciting the public mind, and the critical inquest was sitting on the body of the deceased comedy, there is little doubt but it might have brought money for a few nights: but as it is, the town has generously followed the charitable maxim Mr. Kennedy was anxious to illustrate. It has forgiven the offence, and wishes, if possible, to forget it. "Another star has gone out" at this theatre (Mr. Mathews). At Covent Garden two have re-appeared. Mr. Young and Mr. Kemble have come home,—and like the "fleece care" of little Bo-peep, have brought "their tails behind them."—the *queue* as the French call the crowd at a theatre-door) having extended on Tuesday evening a considerable way down Bow Street from the pit entrance. The receipts of the house were over 700*l*. independent of a considerable sum returned on Wednesday morning to such as could not by any possibility obtain a glimpse of the stage. Is *Othello* the only play capable of being cast in this manner? We trust not; particularly as, it being "the intention of Mr. Kean to leave the stage at the end of the present season,"† he has most kindly entered into an engagement with Mr. Kemble for the next!

"*Luci bonus est odor ex re qualibet*,"

would be, we suppose, the quotation of the parties concerned.

ORATORIOS.

THE Oratorio Concerts continue to be very well attended. Mr. Bishop is indefatigable in his exertions. On Wednesday night, Mrs. Glossop, *alias* Madame Feron, made her first appearance at these performances, and delighted the audience by her articulate and highly-finished executive powers, which she displayed to peculiar advantage in Mercadante's air, with variations, "*Sento brillarmi in seno*."

* Our readers may recollect that we had an engraving of it in the *Literary Gazette* of last year.

† This humbug has been regularly stated in every bill from the beginning of the season: Kean seems determined not to quit the stage, to which he bids so many eternal farewells,—and it is a pity that so popular an actor should have recourse to such trickery.

She was also excellent in Rossini's beautiful Duet, "*Se tu m'ami, o mia Regina*!" which she sung with Madame Pasta, who, we may truly say, is beyond all praise, being, in every thing she does, alike perfect in taste, execution, sweetness, and expression. Miss Grant also again deserves our highest commendations; she bids fair to be one of our first English singers, possessing very similar qualifications to Miss Paton. We rather regretted her singing "Charlie's drums are sounding," which is not suited to her voice, being rather of a kind adapted to music of a more classic character. Miss Shirreff sung, with great sweetness and expression, "From this lone rock," a ballad, the music composed by Dr. Essex. We think, as we have before stated, this young lady is also likely to hold a high place in public favour, her style being very good, and the sweetness of her voice quite peculiar. Miss Love, Miss Hughes, Miss H. Cawse, Mr. Braham, Messrs. Horncastle, E. Taylor, Tinney, and Robinson, were all excellent in their particular styles. Miss Love is a valuable voice in concerted pieces. Mr. Braham was splendid in the scene from *Oberon*, "Oh, 'tis a glorious sight to see!" in his echo duet with Miss Grant, and the favourite song, "Here's to the year that's awa."

FRENCH THEATRE.

ON Monday the performances at this theatre consisted of a vaudeville, called *Quinze Ans d'Absence*, Destouches' three-act comedy of *La Fausse Agnès*, and the little one-act piece of *Le Comédien d'Etampes*, which, though so often represented, both here and in Tottenham-street, still continues, as it well deserves to be, a great and universal favourite. The chief attraction of the evening was the *début* of Mademoiselle Falcoz, from the Théâtre de l'Odéon,—a lady of a good height, a showy figure, and a handsome countenance; and, besides these attractive qualifications, exhibiting a very fair, if not a very considerable portion of dramatic talent. The character in which she appeared, that of *Angelique*, in the second piece, requires indeed some share of versatility, as in one portion of the comedy she has to assume the speech and manners of an idiot, and in another (the trial scene), makes a full display of the graces and accomplishments of a well-bred woman. The part, in fact, is very similar to that of *Maria* in the *Citizen*; and the scene in which the heroine disdains her lover by the assumption of idiocy, was evidently the origin of what Murphy has given us in the farce we have alluded to. In both these situations Mademoiselle Falcoz was frequently applauded, and we have little doubt that she will prove to be a valuable acquisition in the revival of the old comedies. Perlet, who personated the rejected lover, a doggerel kind of improvising poet, was extremely entertaining. There is, we repeat, a neatness and finish about his style of acting, which many of our own comedians would do well and wisely to make their study. Monsieur and Madame St. Firmin appeared also in the course of the evening; the former, apparently, a good steady sort of person, fit for what is called the "heavy business" of the stage; and the latter, a fat, comfortable-looking, bustling body, very good in the first piece as a shrewish wife, and admirable in the second as a dignified old baroness,—both likely to be of great use to the present company. A Monsieur Alexis Louis likewise performed; but, although his name was printed in large letters, we did not perceive that he had any particular claim to the distinction. Next week some fresh import-

ations are expected; and then, if the extraordinary and almost insufferable length of time now permitted to elapse between the representation of the different pieces be abridged, there will be nothing left to the subscribers to wish for.

Abbot, formerly of Covent Garden, is now in England, to recruit for the English theatre in Paris; and is, according to report, to perform here for a night or two. He has already played at one of the French theatres, and with great success. Macready returns with him to France, to act for a limited period.

VARIETIES.

Artificial Nitre.—A committee has been appointed by the French Academy to examine into the practicability and expediency of establishing works for the production of artificial nitre, according to a plan proposed by M. Longchamps.

The Jettatura.—This is a very popular superstition at Naples, where it holds the place of the old power of casting nativities, telling fortunes, &c. with which sorcerers and witches were formerly supposed to be invested. So strong and general is its influence, that when Ferdinand, the late king of Naples, was told of the insurrection which had just broken out in favour of the constitution of the Cortes, he exclaimed, "I knew well that some misfortune would happen to me; for when I was hunting this morning I saw a jettatore."

Thebes.—According to the Prussian general Minutoli, who has lately published some additions to his travels in Egypt,—Thebes, built on the two banks of the Nile, was divided into two prefectures; that on the east being called Thebarum Nomus; that on the west, Phlouris, or Phatourites.

The wall of the Tennis Court, near the Haymarket, fell in this week, but fortunately killed nobody: the accident, however, affords another strong hint for the consideration of the suggestions thrown out by our Paris correspondent in last *Gazette*. Surely the public safety claims some legislative protection.

Explosion.—An explosion in the Jarrow colliery, near Newcastle, within the last few days, has cost the lives of eight or ten unfortunate colliers. It is strange to remark, that, notwithstanding the invention of the safety lamp, these fatal accidents are now of as frequent occurrence as they were before its introduction.

Lithotripsy.—Of thirty persons afflicted with the stone, on whom M. Civiale, a French surgeon, has operated, by means of lithotripsy, since the month of April last, twenty-five have been cured, and five are still under the treatment. Among the former was a child seven years old, from whom a stone, of the size of an almond, composed of oxalate of lime, was extracted (after having been broken), at three sittings, of ten minutes each, in the course of six days. In the course of his practice, M. Civiale has extracted a bean, the beard of an ear of corn, a fragment of straw, &c., every one of which had served as the nucleus of a urinary calculus.

Natural History.—In a recent Number of the *Literary Gazette* we mentioned the tempest to which the *Astrolabe* had been unfortunately exposed, in the Southern Pacific Ocean, and the fears entertained for her safety. It appears that Messrs. Quoy and Gaimard, the two naturalists who accompanied the expedition, had previously sent to the French Academy cases containing no fewer

than 574 valuable specimens of natural history. In an accompanying letter they speak of the ardour for discovery which manifested itself on board, even down to the common sailors. For the interests of humanity and of science, we sincerely hope that Captain Durville may still be enabled to prosecute his voyage.

Climate.—In the course of the last year the republic of Chili was visited with obstinate and extraordinarily abundant rains, creating torrents which carried away every thing in their course, and buried vast tracts of fertile land under heaps of stones, flints, &c. Thousands of persons lost their lives; the cattle suffered prodigiously; and the worst of all is, that the very climate seems to have been considerably deteriorated. From various observations, it appears indeed to be evident, that the climate, generally, in the New World, does not exhibit the constancy and uniformity of that of the old. In the valley of Quito the temperature is several degrees lower than it was in 1740; the basin of the Mississippi is less salubrious than it was when it first received European colonies; and the Bermudas, once considered a delightful abode, are now unhealthy and disagreeable.

Improvement on Steam Navigation.—Lieutenant Andrew Skene, of the Royal Navy, has, according to statements in the newspapers, recently tried experiments, on the river, of a steam-boat impelled by a new kind of paddle-wheels, by which friction is avoided, and an immense increase of velocity attained. The same ingenious gentleman is spoken of as the inventor of an improved thermometer, the principle of which is founded on the different temperatures at which water and mercury congeal, instead of the congelation and vaporisation of water.

Progress of Education in Denmark.—At the end of the year 1823, there were established in that kingdom 507 schools on the Lancastrian system; in 1824, as many as 1,017; in 1825, 1,707; and towards the end of 1826, there were no fewer than 2,007 of these schools.—*Leipzig Journals.*

Natural History.—Dr. Ledebuhr has made a report to the senate of the University of Dorpat respecting the result of the botanical travels which he made in company with Dr. Mayer and Dr. Bunge, in 1826, by order of the Russian government, into the Altai mountains of Siberia. The number of the species of plants which they found amounts to 1600, among which nearly 500 species were entirely unknown. They also brought home 700 species of animals. It is the professor's intention to publish an Altai Flora.

The celebrated A. von Humboldt has been giving lectures at Berlin during the last half year, on subjects of physical geography, to an audience of 400 persons, of the first distinction and talent. The Berlin writer says, that nearly the whole of the capital had applied for admission.

Mine.—The rich iron mine of La Voultre, in the department of Ardèche, in France, which has long been unworked, is now again rendered productive by the introduction of English machinery, under the superintendence of English engineers.

Cold Injection for Anatomical Preparations.—If a mixture of varnish and vermilion have a small quantity of water mixed with it, it soon sets and becomes hard. This affords an excellent composition for anatomical injection, being very beautiful and very penetrating, (so much so, that it frequently returns by the veins,) and

requiring no heat to be applied to the subject. This particular kind of injection was invented by an American anatomist of the name of Ramsay, and preserved as a valuable secret by him for the exclusive use of his dissecting room. The proportions, &c. of the ingredients will soon be attained by a few experiments.—*Companion to the Almanac.*

Cholera.—The *Calcutta Government Gazette*, after mentioning the dreadful scourge of the cholera morbus during the last season in Rajpootana, adds:—"that the whole tract from Rowa to Jubulpore has been equally afflicted, and that on a march made from Sagor to Jubulpore, not a day passed without encountering large villages wholly deserted: the survivors having fled from the pestilence which had left but few to effect their escape. In former attacks, the natives remark, women and children were scarcely ever affected; but on the present occasion neither sex nor age has afforded any exemption. The ravages of the cholera were greatest during the latter prevalence of the hot winds: its virulence was checked by the first showers of rain; and at the date of our letters, the latter part of July, had wholly disappeared. According to native superstition, the severity of this malady of late years has originated in the necessity to which the goddess Kali has been subjected to obtain human victims, through the agency of disease, since she has been deprived of those sources of supply which civil war and Pindaree inroad afforded."

Indian Newspaper: March of Intellect!!—A weekly newspaper was last month to be issued at New Echota, in the Cherokee nation, to be called "The Cherokee Phoenix." A part of the paper to be printed in the Cherokee language, according to an alphabet lately invented by a native Cherokee.

Retort.—A known coward boasted of a wound he had received in front. One present observed, "You were more fortunate than Lot's wife; she was killed for looking behind her, when she fled."

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

It is the intention of the Medico-Botanical Society of London to print their Transactions in the shape of an octavo Quarterly Journal, in conjunction with the Academy of Minute Anatomy at the London Ophthalmic Infirmary, in preference to the quarto form adopted by most societies.

The Combat of the Thirties.—A manuscript poem of the fourteenth century, recently discovered in the King's library at Paris, the subject of which is the celebrated combat in the year 1350, between thirty Breton and thirty English Knights, has lately been published at Paris, accompanied by numerous notes and illustrations.

Mr. Griffiths is preparing for publication a volume of Modern and Antique Gems, from drawings by Alkin and others, with appropriate mottoes and quotations to each subject.

In the Press.—Part I. of Select Illustrations of the County of Surrey; in Lithography, from Sketches taken expressly for the Work; accompanied by Historical and Topographical Descriptions, &c., by G. F. Prosser.

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March.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 13	From 36. to 62.	30.04 to 30.11
Friday... 14	— 41. — 62.	30.16 — 30.22
Saturday... 15	— 34. — 63.	30.25 — 30.38
Sunday... 16	— 37. — 62.	30.30 — 30.16
Monday... 17	— 47. — 60.	30.10 — 30.10
Tuesday... 18	— 41. — 55.	30.10 — 30.32
Wednesday 19	— 42. — 53.	29.42 — 29.51

Wind variable, prevailing N.W. and S.W.
Generally clear; raining on the morning of the 19th.
Rain fallen 1.25 of an inch.

Edinburgh. CHARLES H. ADAMS.
Latitude..... 51° 37' 39" N.
Longitude..... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

✉ The Editor of the *Literary Gazette* has no reason to complain of the number of packages which he unfolds and letters which he opens on Saturdays, Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and even Sundays. If he were ever such a glutton in that line, his appetite would be satiated. But after a hundred intimations, hints, notices to correspondents, &c. &c. &c. he does feel it very hard to meet on Thursdays and Fridays with such loads of communications as would break the back of any reasonable journal or journalist, if they were not too late for use, and only early enough to distract. He again submits this appeal, at a very late hour of Thursday night (having before cleared the receipts of the forenoon), with masses before him which would have turned Hercules in despair from the Augean stables;—if they are not cleaned out, he hopes this affecting confession will plead his apology.

Declined.—J. W.; H. P. T.; Harriet; H. C.
Of a Free and Friendly Address to Sam. Wildgans, on his similar Address to the Author of *Whims and Oddities*, &c. we can only insert a specimen,—the other verses are on points too serious for jesting.

O Wildfun! I would not be thee
For a miser's store of riches;
Though thou in Hood's mantle fain would'st be,
I would not be in thy b—s!

For Hood will punish thy bold pun

That him accused of thieving;
And make thee in future a pun to shun,
By thee in a puncheon leaving.

Or if his honour call on thee

To meet him at Chalk Farm,
Though he feel thy wee-pun pun-gently,
He won't heed thy pun-y arm.

'Tis thou art Robin Hood (not he)

Of his fair fame with thy pen;

Yet thou never wilt surrounded be

By so many merry men.

No out-law, nor in the law, he is,

As thine inference thou dost draw;

But, perhaps, thy mistake arose from this,

That he's a son-in-law.

But, Sam, 'tis possible he may feel

To mercy inclined: If he should

Bear all thou hast said, he can bear a deal—

So much for hardy-Hood.

But do not thou his mantle wear—

Mind well what thou'rt about;

The prying world will lay thee bare,

And find the false-Hood out.

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The slight notices of foreign publications that occasionally appear in the periodical journals and newspapers having been found totally inadequate to satisfy public curiosity in regard to the extent and variety of foreign literature, the idea arose of publishing a 'Foreign Quarterly Review,' similar to the plan of our great Reviews, but solely devoted to foreign works—embracing a wider selection of topics, and enlivened by shorter articles, and a more judicious selection of literary intelligence from all parts of the continent. While, in the former articles, the reviewers would be enabled to render all justice to the more important works, the shorter notices might apply to many productions, which, although containing matter of interest to the English reader, yet do not admit of such lengthened analysis or elaborate comments. The three Numbers before us contain many valuable articles by some of the first writers of the day—such

as a Scott, and a Southey, and many others of established reputation and talent; and while, as we trust, they will long continue to make the European reader acquainted with foreign works of splendid genius and well-directed talent, we cannot but congratulate the public on the more rapid diffusion thus afforded to the elevating influence of intellect and the pure enjoyments of taste.—*The Reviewer, No. 1.*

The active rivalry and opposition with which the 'Foreign Quarterly' has had to contend, together with the conviction we have all along entertained that one work of this description was perfectly adequate to supply the demand which the advancing state of knowledge and enlightened curiosity had created, naturally excited in our minds some apprehensions with respect to its permanency, notwithstanding its prior and superior claims to the favour and support of the public: for when two or more candidates enter the lists to compete for an indivisible prize, and when the decision is to be formed, not from the confidence and perspicacity of protestations and appeals, but from a due regard to the respective merits of the parties engaged in the contest, it is of course impossible to say beforehand, and until a fair hearing is given, which of the competitors is destined ultimately to keep the field. But, nevertheless, we are inclined to think that the point is already almost as good as settled. By the appearance of the Number before us, our fears for the durability of the 'Foreign Quarterly Review' have been completely removed, and we now consider that Journal as fully and firmly established. This opinion we pronounce absolutely, and without qualification, upon the ground of its great and various merits, which are of a class and order to place it in the first rank of our Reviews, and to entitle it to the weight and consideration which it merits. Indeed, we know of no other instance of a literary journal which has risen so rapidly, or we should rather say *per se*, to so great literary eminence, which, at a stage of its career, has enlisted so large an amount of first-rate talent in its service; and it would be grossly unjust both to the accomplished and the enterprising and liberal publishers not to signalize their joint exertions in achieving so much upon the threshold, as it were, of their undertaking, and surrounded by difficulties under which persons of less energy and resources would have infallibly sunk, and to the *Reductio ad absurdum* of the 'Foreign Quarterly' have done more—they have deserved it, and we have no fear that a discriminating public will be blind to their deserts. Our remarks on the merits of the 'Foreign Quarterly' will be true, but not a whit the worse for the war; and as the 'Review' is clearly on the side of this Journal, we doubt not that the 'Review' will follow as a matter of course. It is manifest that our limits oblige us to confine ourselves to such general and desultory notices; but the state of this Review, (which, by the way, has an excess of the merits beyond the fair average of each Number), with the multiplicity and importance of the subjects discussed, renders it impossible to pursue any other course. If our strictures, however, shall be in any degree instrumental in effecting a knowledge of the improvement which has been effected in every department of this work, highly respectable from its commencement, and now entitled to a place in the very foremost rank of periodicals, and to the consideration of the public to the honesty and fairness of our strictures to the test of their own judgment, by passing from our transitory columns to the more enduring pages, our purpose will be served; nor are we afraid that such of our readers as may be swayed by our opinions will afterwards reproach us with the recommendation we have now given.—A novel feature in the present Number is, the introduction of short critical notices at the end of the regular reviews and disquisitions. This we regard as a decided improvement, and trust it will be preserved in.—*Calcutta Mercury.*

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